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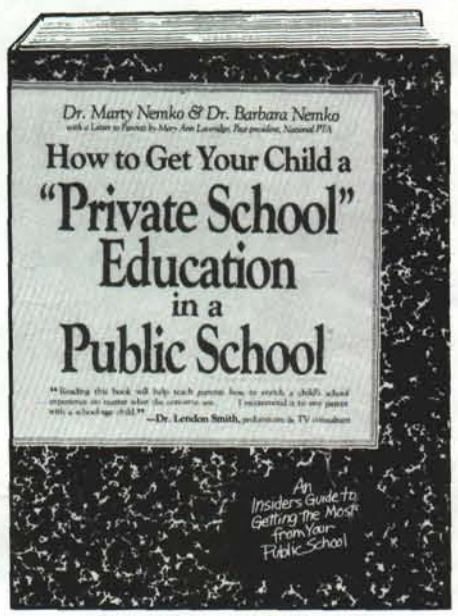
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How to Get Your Child a "Private School" Education in a Public School offers the authority of two exceptional educators, who have practiced their techniques teaching and consulting on education from coast to coast. You'll learn how your school system works inside and out, and how to beat it to benefit your child from their professional and personal expertise.

Marty Nemko, Ph.D., is a consultant to the California State Department of Education. Before this, he served on the faculty of the education department at the University of California, Davis. He has taught in the New York Public School System and also has been a school psychologist for public schools in Tiburon/Belvedere, California.

Barbara Nemko, Ph.D. develops and evaluates projects for the California State Department of Education. She also conducts workshops for educators and parents throughout California. Previously, she taught in the New York Public School System. The Nemkos have a fifteen-year-old daughter who is thriving in a public school.

"Parental choice is the key to improving our school system. This excellent volume gives parents the tools they need to make intelligent choices. As vouchers and tax credits increase educational alternatives for all families, the Nemkos' work will prove an ever more valuable addition to the school reform movement."

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"This book can make a very large difference in the shape of education, not just for its fortunate purchasers, but in the long run, for all of us."

—Michael Scriven, ***Past-President American Educational Research Association***

Making your child a self-sufficient student is just as important as choosing the right school, and the Nemkos share their years of experience as educators to help you introduce your child to truly effective class work habits. *How to Get Your Child a "Private School" Education in a Public School* outlines strategies to help your child learn:

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- When paying attention is crucial, and when it isn't so important.

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by Mary Ann Leveridge,
Past-President, National Parent Teacher Association

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Public schools touch the lives of more people than any other institution in our society. Each child deserves a school where he or she is somebody. Every school must be such a place. Parents and teachers working together to that end can preserve and transform the dream into reality.

Sincerely,
Mary Ann Leveridge

How to Get Your Child a "Private School" Education in a Public School offers you the opportunity to afford the best available education for your child without costing you thousands of dollars! Take hold of this chance to learn and use the insiders' secrets of how your school system works, to benefit your child and all others in your school. Order your copy today!

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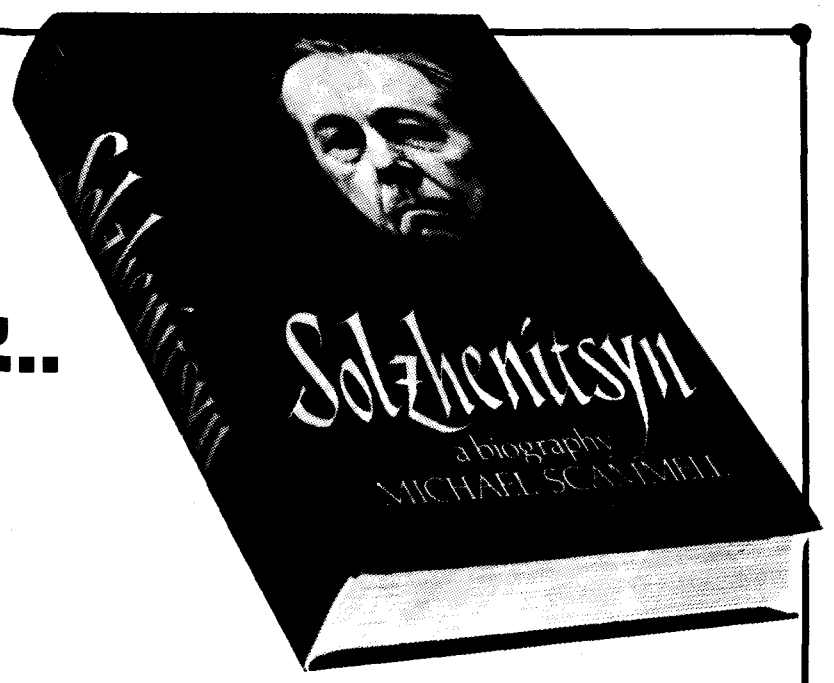

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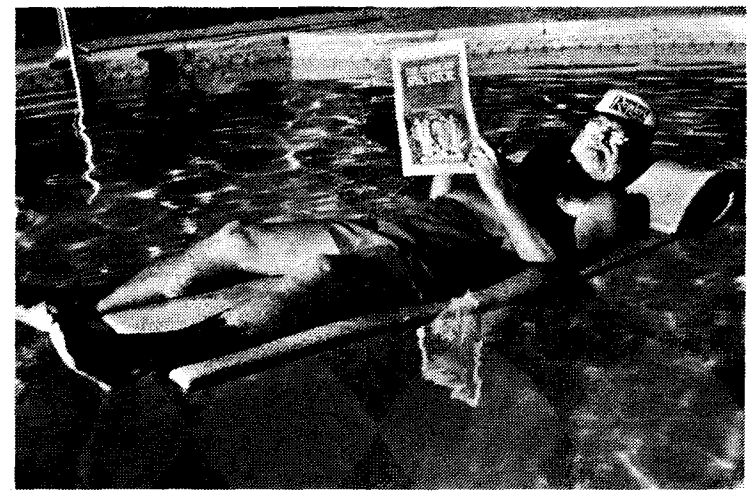

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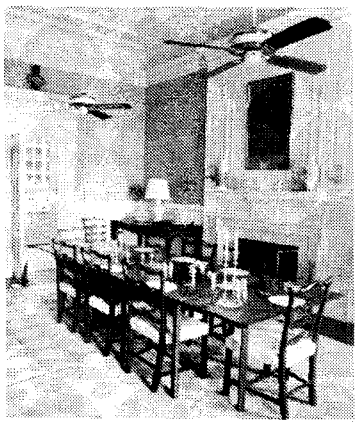

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

Volume 19 Number 8, August 1986

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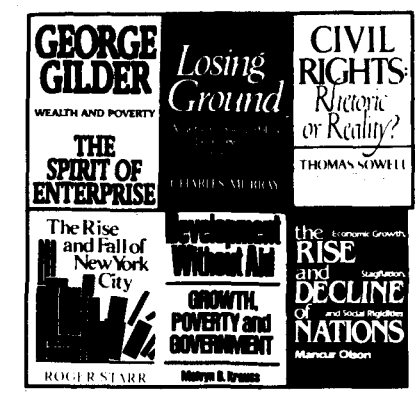

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•June 1986 will be embalmed by historians as an *omnium gatherum* of nonsense and little else. Contra aid was finally approved, President Reagan announced his intention to break with SALT II, and Chief Justice Burger announced his plans to retire. The President vowed to replace him with Justice William Hubbs Rehnquist, and to replace Justice Hubbs Rehnquist he nominated Judge Antonin Scalia of the United States Court of Appeals from the District of Columbia. After that, June was all madcap and moonshine with a touch of the bizarre thrown in to wow the television audiences. Intellect continues to fade from American life. Entertainment spreads and idiotizes. Television is the idiots' chief source of entertainment, and those who watch sufficient amounts of it develop brains as worthless as the brain of Dr. Timothy Leary. That is to say, they become as functional as the common gall bladder or the appendix.

•In Indianapolis, Indiana, Miss Kathy Ormsby, the illustrious collegiate distance runner, departed the field during the finals of the NCAA 10,000 meter race, galloped to a bridge two blocks away, and jumped. She remains paralyzed from the waist down. Mr. Lawrence Timmons, 41, was shot dead in Fort Worth, Texas's famed Whataburger restaurant after he became querulous upon discovering that the chef was out of large buns. At Yale University a heterosexual undergraduate was put on probation for two years for satirizing the university's Gay Lesbian Awareness Days. How the fellow ever got admitted to the university remains a question, and now the rogue has addressed a letter to Yale's president, Mr. A. Bartlett Giamatti, concluding: "After being brought up on charges and found guilty of harassing the gay and lesbian community, I realized that criticism of the public acceptance of homosexuality as moral is prohibited by Yale. . . . I ask that my sentence be overturned if the free expression regulation is in force, or that my sentence be reduced because of my ignorance of the special status of the debate on homosexuality. If my sentence is not overturned, please advise me as to other views that I am also not allowed to criticize, so that I won't unknowingly violate my probation and the standards of Yale University." President Giamatti is leaving Yale to become commissioner of the National Baseball League.

•The Senate Judiciary Committee rejected the nomination of Mr. Jefferson B. Sessions III for a federal judgeship in Alabama on the grounds that he had in his youth lapsed into racially incendiary slurs. In Ohio an A. Philip Randolph Institute banquet honoring a local fuliginous worthy was enlivened when Governor Richard F. Celeste's pale-faced representative plenipotentiary inscrutably referred to the National Council of Negro Women as the "National Council of Nigger Women." Friends of Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi are alarmed that the Libyan strongman's mental hygiene is in decline. Ever since the April 15 refurbishment of his bunker by American bombers he has been taking warm baths and watching a spider dance on the tip of his nose. He failed to keep a public engagement during the month, and instead delivered a desultory one-hour-and-fifty-minute television bull during which he looked somewhat like the late John Belushi after an evening's session at the vomitorium. Now come reports in the infallible *New York Post* that even before Colonel Qaddafi's encounter with modern warfare he was popping drugs as though he were a performer in the NBA all-star game, and not long ago he showed up at a diplomatic soiree wearing makeup, a dress, and women's high heels. What alarms his friends is that he was not wearing a chador.

•The death toll from the Chernobyl mishap rose to 25, and in the United States officials finally recognized the danger that Harvard University poses to nearby communities when the Nuclear Regulatory Commission fined the university $2,500 for mishandling radioactive materials in such a way as to imperil life in Boston, Cambridge, and Southboro, Massachusetts. Yet another of the feminists' ambitious schemes was doomed when federal officials began a criminal investigation intended to disrupt black-market production and sales of muscle-building steroids. In Jacksonville, Florida, three men were caught *in flagrante* as they beat a five-foot manatee with a board. All will be prosecuted for breach of Florida's manatee molestation and child abuse act, one of the country's most progressive. Iran's ambassador to the United Nations, Dr. Rajai Khorassani, D.D., was arrested for stealing a raincoat from a New York department store. Presumably Dr. Khorassani had intended to put the raincoat to the usual deviant purposes, though his embassy denies all allegations against him.

•On June 13 the Hon. Richard Tonry, the former Democratic representative from Louisiana, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for trying to bribe an Indian chief. One of the Republic's most respected homosexual activists, Sister Boom Boom, sent up a trial balloon for a Mario Cuomo-Jesse Jackson presidential ticket. In Great Britain the Greater London regional camorra of the Labour party called upon Labour candidates to cease and desist from using family snapshots in campaign literature, an inflammatory practice obviously injurious to the political prospects of pederasts and social isolates. One of the FBI's most wanted desperadoes suffered acute embarrassment when he, Mr. Charles Lee Herron, was arrested at his Jacksonville, Florida home on Miss Muffet Lane. Mr. James Irwin, the former astronaut, suffered a jogging-related heart attack as did the Hon. Robert Davis, a former mortician who now represents Michigan's eleventh district in the House of Representatives.

•The *Asahi Evening News* of Japan reports that crematoriums are increasingly unsafe owing to the large number of Japanese who die with unreported pacemakers in their chests and explode when lit. Mr. John G. Martin, the popularizer of vodka, passed to his reward as did Mr. Walter Harris, 120, the long-time opponent of instant food and air conditioning. Britons were shocked by the drug-related death of Miss Olivia Channon, daughter of a Cabinet minister, after revels at Oxford with Count Gottfried von Bismarck and other aristocratic students. And a similar tragedy took the life of an American aristocrat, Mr. Len Bias, the collegiate basketball marvel who was drafted by the Boston Celtics two days before cocaine apparently arrested his heart.

•In Bristol, England, two idealistic animal rights stalwarts were jugged for plotting to disinter the Duke of Beaufort and mail his head to Princess Anne. She had never shown any interest in the head, but then few animals have ever shown much interest in personal rights. Labor strikes spread throughout South Africa as the government imposed harsh restrictions under which detained South Africans can be held without trial and are allowed neither to

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sing nor whistle. Tension is growing in England over the government's plans to subsidize two rival chicken-catching machines, but in America the culturati was relieved when *People* magazine reported that before bestowing his final kiss on Miss Linda Evans in "Dynasty" the late Mr. Rock Hudson gargled repeatedly and used a formidable "spray." What is more, once Mr. Hudson learned that he had the disease for which his name has become eponymous he had an amanuensis send hand-written notes to former boyfriends warning that they too might have AIDS. "Hi," the letters exhaled in the characteristic insouciance of poofter prose, "this note shall remain anonymous for obvious reasons. Since we have had intimate sexual contact where sperm has passed between us, I feel it is only fair that I tell you that I have found out I have AIDS. I am most sorry to tell you this. I suggest you have tests made to make sure you're OK." Finally, in London the other *Spectator* and Mr. Taki Theodoracopulos, our noctiflorous European editor, were successfully sued for libel by a nulliparous lady who in a free society could not possibly be libeled. *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Starstruck

Hi Dude,

You got something in for me? I mean, every time I read the *Spectator* I'm the editorial. Look, if I weren't married I'd do a number on you in the women's room at Danceteria. But sorry now, you can try and you can die, but I won't let you play! Bye.

—Madonna (purportedly)
Los Angeles, California

RET (purportedly) replies:

It is typical of your milieu that you would at once be ignorant of the sequence of the scortatory pursuit and assume that disparagement is a manifestation of carnal longing for your person. If you want to be published in *The American Spectator*, I suggest you send us your poetry through conventional channels where it will be judged on its merits independent of your salacious suggestions.

Elegance and Squalor

I can't remember ever reading anything so penetrating, and so elegantly expressed, as Maurice Cranston's "Britain in Squalor" (*TAS*, May 1986).

Too much of it, unfortunately, could be applied to the United States as well.

—Frederic Wile
New York, New York

No Laughing Matter

It was disappointing that *The American Spectator*—from which I've come to expect incisive, thought-provoking commentary—should have seen fit to print so flippant a piece as P. J. O'Rourke's on the passage of so seriously disturbing a piece of legislation as the so-called "Homosexual Rights Bill" in New York City ("Manhattan Swish," *TAS*, June 1986). But it was worse to discover the piece used as an opportunity for gratuitous, and sophomoric, ridicule of the Catholic Church.

In a single paragraph, Mr. O'Rourke numbers the Church among lunatic fringe groups, makes the sweeping declaration that its teachings on sex are wrong (an assertion he attempts to verify by way of a juvenile anecdote about an alleged sexual escapade with a "nice" Irish Catholic girl), and implies that not only many Catholic Bishops and religious are, but probably even St. Paul and other Saints were, homosexuals. This is quite a feat. . . .

It would, I suppose, be futile to advise Mr. O'Rourke actually to try to learn what the teachings of the Church *are*, on sex and other matters, as well as to read the lives, and the writings of its Saints and scholars. Even if he did, I suspect that it wouldn't make much difference in his thinking. Like—alas!—too many other people, he seems to prefer basing his opinions on Catholicism, and religion in general, on garbled childhood memories, and the novels of Andrew Greeley et al.

In any case, I hope it isn't futile to ask that, in future, you will exercise better judgment in choosing what appears in the pages of your magazine.

—Thomas J. Otto
Flushing, New York

The Hooded Conservative Look

Your reference in "The Continuing Crisis," May 1986, to the recent formation of the National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers as "the first stirrings of yet another progressive movement" in America is, I suppose, flattering but misplaced.

That honor must go to the prestigious American Academy of Pediatrics which first in 1971, then again in 1975, declared that there is no medical, health, or cleanliness justification for neonatal circumcision, an American post-World War II fad that is dying a slow death. The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists reached a similar conclusion in 1978. Our non-profit group, NO-CIRC, is simply an information center for parents, physicians, and health care professionals who wish to obtain up-to-date medical brochures and videotapes on the subject.

Second, you erred in depicting the movement to keep American boys intact like their grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and brethren in Britain, Canada, and elsewhere as "progressive." If political labels be apt, we are obviously "conservative," intent on conserving the whole natural body. Our view is that, absent a religious reason, if the human body ain't broke, don't fix it by removing a healthy, functioning body part. We support the view of the American Academy of Pediatrics which in 1984 said, "The glans at birth is delicate and easily irritated by urine and feces. The foreskin shields the glans; with circumcision, this protection is lost. In such cases, the glans and especially the urinary opening may become irritated or infected. The foreskin protects the glans throughout life."

Third, the subject of circumcision always evokes nervous laughter, and it is tempting to ridicule health professionals who want to "save the foreskin" (as you put it). But we do ourselves and, more importantly, our children a tremendous disservice if we perpetuate harmful fads once we have the medical evidence to know better. The 1950s and 1960s tonsillectomy fad is a recent example. Last year $200 million was wasted on unnecessary circumcisions, money that could be better used to save the lives of newborns in America, a country which ranks an embarrassing 16th in infant mortality.

Slowly the word is reaching parents on this painful, moderately risky, and very unnecessary surgery. The circumcision rate in the U.S., the only country left that circumcises for non-medical and non-religious reasons, has dropped from 90 percent in the 1960s to 65 percent in 1984 and even lower in some states like California and Texas. While that's admittedly not as good as the 20 percent rate in Canada or the one percent rate in Great Britain, we are making progress, particularly among well-read educated parents, no doubt many of your readers.

Finally, you erred in referring to me as "Miss" rather than "Mrs." I am the mother of three boys, all of whom were circumcised in the 1960s when we didn't know better, and I am now the grandmother of one little boy who is happily intact, like his ancestors of an earlier generation.

—Marilyn F. Milos, R.N.
National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers
Corte Madera, California

Woody Waugh

George Sim Johnston's review of Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters* was a thoughtful, if, in my view, overly critical look at a flawed but generally good movie ("Gag Me," *TAS*, May 1986). He quite accurately points out Mr. Allen's failure to come to grips with the difficult task he set for himself in writing, directing and starring in a movie that seeks—in part at least—to tell us Something Serious About Life and God.

But there are two points raised by Mr. Johnston that seem to me to misjudge Mr. Allen's ability and his strength as a film-maker. He writes of Allen's "list of things which make life worth living," in *Manhattan*, as occurring "at the end" of the film and then says this scene shows "Allen didn't know how to end the movie."

Whatever may be wrong with the scene of Allen talking into a tape recorder about Cezanne, Flaubert, etc., it wasn't the end of the movie. Indeed, the end of *Manhattan* is among the most memorable sequences in modern American film. Allen, confronting the very young girl with whom he had an affair (and who is about to embark on a trip to England), begs her to stay. If she goes to London, he argues, she will meet new men, forget him, and their affair will be finished. The girl counters with "What's the matter, don't you have faith in people?" (or words to that effect).

The camera, looking over her shoulder, is now on Allen in close-up. He doesn't say a word. His eyes shift to the side and he half-grins. But we, the spectators, knowing what we do about the unfaithfulness and adultery and betrayal that have marked the affairs of the characters in the film (including the one played by Allen), see in Allen's face not only guilty self-knowledge but regret and sadness. He remains silent. What words can communicate to the young woman the knowledge he has gained through self-inflicted wounds?

It is a beautiful moment and "ends" the film with exactly the right image—Allen's discovery of the unbridgeable

(continued on page 48)

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EDITORIALS

SALT FREE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The maestro in the White House has apparently once again had his political way, and it is a testimony to his artistry that only a pianissimo of confused murmurings has accompanied his decision to abandon the strictures of SALT II. Moving at his own elusive pace and with his own disarming style, Ronald Reagan usually makes the right decision and leaves his opponents flummoxed. If fault is to be found with his decision to pursue American strategic policy without regard to the unratified SALT II treaty's limits, it is the Administration's failure to counsel sufficiently with our NATO allies before the President made his announcement. Otherwise the decision was prudent, and if enough American tourists see the light and recognize that summer in the Old World is as safe and pleasurable as ever, doubtless our allies' complaints will evanesce even as their recriminations about our raid on Libya have faded.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

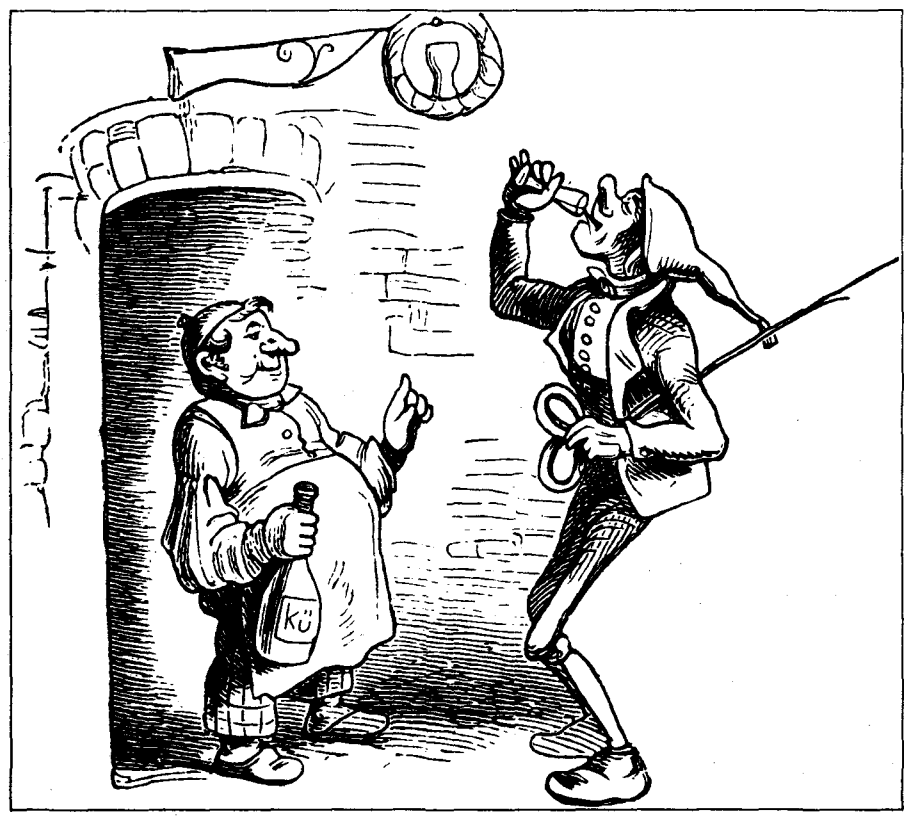
The SALT II agreement was always an illusory one. Of it Jimmy Carter's national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski wrote in his memoirs, "Vance hoped that a new SALT agreement would pave the way for a wider U.S.-Soviet accommodation, while I saw in it an opportunity to halt or reduce the momentum of the Soviet military buildup." In fact SALT II presaged no new U.S.-Soviet accommodation nor any respite in the momentum of the Soviet buildup. Instead there was the appearance of a Soviet brigade in Cuba, the Soviet broadcasts into Iran inflaming anti-American feeling when American diplomats were being held by the Ayatollah's kidnappers, and the invasion of Afghanistan. What is more, contrary to Brzezinski's hopes the Soviet buildup continued. Since the signing of SALT II the Soviet Union has targeted 4,500 more ballistic missile warheads on the United States and doubled the number of its bomber weapons. We have heard many peaceful suavities from the dashing Mr. Andropov and from the urbane Mr. Gorbachev, but the fact is that since SALT II the Soviets have increased their strategic weapons targeted on us by over 80 percent.

By American law a treaty is not a treaty unless it is ratified by our Senate, and the Senate never ratified SALT II. By the conventions of international law a treaty is not a treaty unless both sides adhere to it, and the Soviets repeatedly contravened it. They never cut their intercontinental systems to 2,250 as the treaty specified. Instead they promised not to increase the number of these systems above 2,504. Now, according to the independent International Institute for Strategic Studies, they amassed nearly 2,550 by the end of 1985.

And there have been other Soviet derelictions. The SALT II agreement allows the creation of only one new intercontinental missile. The Soviets have built two, though they claim that the second, the mobile SS-25, is merely a modernization of an older missile. To be legal this modernizing process must only increase a missile's punch by 5 percent. The SS-25's increased capacity is estimated to be 92 percent higher than its predecessor's. Finally, in contravention of SALT II, the Soviets are scrambling signals transmitted during missile tests. This is called encryption. The Soviets admit that they do it but insist that it does not hinder U.S. verification. So why do they do it, to fool their enemies, the insidious Afghans?

The purpose of arms control is to control the growth of armaments. SALT II obviously failed to do this. The purpose of arms development is to improve a nation's security. SALT II has obviously endangered U.S. security. The laments we now hear about the President's decision to ignore a treaty that the Soviets have so successfully ignored or circumvented are laments over lost illusions. Of course, many people live on their illusions: the drunk who thinks his booze renders him eloquent, the faded beauty who believes her powders and perfumes hide her years, the former defense experts Paul Warnke and Robert McNamara, who believe SALT II has saved us from a huge Soviet arms buildup.

In our private lives our illusions may make life more bearable, but in the realm of defense policy illusions may make life dangerous and war inevitable. Certainly many Frenchmen who in the 1930s put their trust in the Maginot Line would agree. Now that Ronald Reagan has broken out of the illusion of SALT he can proceed to protect us from the 80 percent increase in strategic weapons that the Soviets have targeted on us since the signing of SALT II. Or would the Soviets rather participate honestly in real arms control? □



MY GENERATION

In a Chicago bar not so many years ago my beery meditations were shaken by the sight of a man old enough to be my father whimpering on a bar stool. I recognized him as a Mr. McMahon, and made quick to console him, abounding as I was with Christian charity and the expectation that a pro bono beer awaited. Mr. McMahon's grief had been evoked, apparently, by a funereal scene from a movie flickering on the television set at the end of the bar, *The Glenn Miller Story*; and now he was in heat to tell me just how much the Glenn Miller band had meant to his generation of the 1930s, or was it the 1940s? I shall have to ask my friend Professor Arthur Schlesinger the next time we play croquet.

I do not strongly object to sentimental accounts of the mores and folkways of another's generation, particularly if the beer flows freely; but I draw the line when it comes to the drivel laid upon my generation, variously referred to as the baby boomers, the Now generation, the Me generation, and "the brightest and best educated generation" presumably of all time. That generation has just entered middle age, and the signs

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are all around that its anointed heralds are going to get together to have a good cry . . . and, incidentally, to continue to distort it. When in the fullness of time all the superlatives about the baby boomers have been scaled down, one new superlative will stand and endure, to wit: No generation in American history has been so misrepresented. Truth be known, my age cohort constituted just another generation of Yanks, no better and no worse, merely bigger and tinged by a bit more decadence.

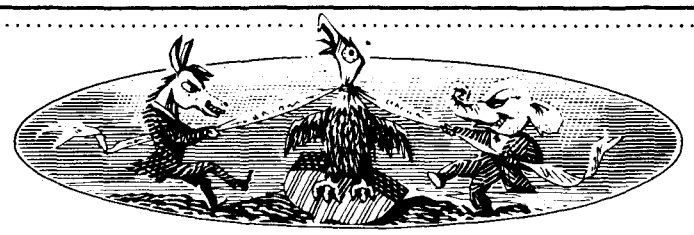
It was not better educated than past generations, though it was arguably more vulgar. To be sure it hauled in more degrees, but throughout the 1960s university degrees grew steadily cheaper as standards were discarded. If mine were an intellectually distinguished generation, by now its Faulkners would be observable or at least its Fitzgeralds. There would be a Stravinsky or at least a Gershwin, a Chagall or a sweet old Rockwell. My generation can probably boast of the achievements of its scientists and engineers, but when they were numbered among the youth of the 1960s I doubt that many had time to play at communal living, drugs, and radical politics.

The Me generation's trumpeted idealism is another canard. All American generations have been somewhat idealistic. It is our historic burden, beginning with the generation that overthrew an English king and affirmed the Declaration of Independence. Mark it down as an indication of the slovenliness of thought surrounding the Me generation that it is at once praised for idealistic social commitment and recognized today for its reluctance to participate in organized society, for its pursuit of personal happiness down all the kook byways of exotic therapy, and for its increasingly lonely absorption with self. France's revolutionary generation of the late eighteenth century at least culminated in an orgy of blood; the 1960s generation culminated in whimpering and endless monologues about self. And that is not even a culmination, much less a decent orgy.

The most egregious falsehood disfiguring the reality of my generation, of course, is the canard that it was a radical generation. The majority of young people in the 1960s participated in no protests or any of the other antisocial doings that were boomed as idealistic and progressive. Most supported American policy abroad, and the majority voted for Richard Nixon in 1972 over the most radical presidential candidate theretofore.

All these points have been made before, and the somber fact is I anticipated them 16 years ago in a dissenting contribution to an anthology of baby boomer gasconade, fittingly titled *Youth Manifesto*—an obscure book, whose radical contributors time has forgotten. Yet now the aging heralds of my generation are at it again, cranking out the party line. Their every enthusiasm, from dope to absconding from Vietnam, turned out a botch, and still we have to listen to them. Their latest complaints are that their parents have done better financially and that they themselves are mysteriously collapsing into conservatism. Their comparative unhappiness serves them right. They were arrogant ignoramuses from the start. Now they are just ignoramuses. Aside from turbulence and stupidity their social bequest has been decidedly mediocre. The moderate majority was right when these insufferable brats were wrong. This time around we ought not quietly to endure their legends and their whines. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



MINE YOUR OWN YOUR BUSINESS

by Tom Bethell

Pay attention class. This is one of those economics lectures you all look forward to so much. You will be learning something that is of basic importance, quite easily understood, and yet, almost inexplicably, beyond the ken of most economics professors and (need I say) journalists. So, put on your thinking caps.

Among the great economics questions of our day are: Why is it useless, indeed, why is it harmful, to transfer American income to foreign countries? (I mean, harmful to the recipients.) Why are Islamic countries unable to establish the rule of law, hence property rights? (I'm not sure I have the answer to that one. I mention it only because I would like to hear from you if you have any clues or suggestions.) And, of particular interest, why has the United States been (until recently) so much more productive than all other countries? Why *North* America, not South America?

It's an amazing fact that the underlying substratum of law, lawlessness, or tyranny in different countries is of next to no interest to most economists and journalists. All countries are assumed to be somehow alike in their foundations, like Levittown houses. And all international problems considered "economic" are assigned the same solution: More money must be extracted from our (your) pockets and handed over to whatever foreign ruler has so mismanaged his country's affairs as to be considered worthy of more cash.

I was discussing some of these matters with my friend Jon Utley the other day when he casually said something that switched on an electric light in my head. He said that the problem with the South American countries was that property owners didn't own the mineral rights to their land. Anything valuable under the surface belonged to the government.

"I've talked to landowners in Argentina who were terrified if they found oil on their property," Utley said. He added that he had heard stories of owners "bribing their workers not to say a word to anyone if they found oil seeping up to the surface somewhere on the estate."

What the owners feared was the arrival of government employees, trucks, and drilling equipment, trampling over the land and tearing everything up. Utley then said that he thought about 85 percent of oil wells and exploratory holes in the world have been drilled in the Lower 48 states. Jude Wanniski in the paperback edition of *The Way the World Works* puts the figure at 75 percent in 1975. John Baden in Dallas (I'll come to him in a minute) puts the figure today at 80 percent.

Economic activity has been concentrated here because the U.S. is one of the few countries in the world where property rights do include mineral rights. (But as we shall see in connection with John Baden, that is not true all over the United States.)

Please note: The point I am making is not simply that oil production is the *sine qua non* of prosperity, or that the U.S. is rich simply because it has provided encouragement to oil companies. We know from Japan, Hong Kong, and South Korea that national prosperity does not depend on the mining of minerals. The point is that the Argentine situation described by Utley is highly detrimental to *any* kind of economic growth. The divided control of surface rights and mineral rights pits government and property owners in permanent war. Government, which should protect property, becomes its adversary.

As Calvin Coolidge memorably said: "The prime element in the value of all property is the knowledge that its

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peaceful enjoyment will be publicly defended." Governments with mineral rights do not defend property, they invade it. At the least they are entitled to invade it, and the possibility that they might do so undermines the security of property. Capital is at all times shy, and it will not go where it feels threatened or unwanted.

To make the point clearer, imagine that in the United States property rights in houses did not extend to basements. At any time, mega-decibel rock groups could set up their equipment and begin banging away under your house. Your "peaceful enjoyment" of your property would be sharply diminished. So too would its value.

With this in mind I went to Big Sky, Montana, recently for a Liberty Fund conference on income redistribution. (Liberty Fund puts out those nice free-market books advertised on this page!) Among those present were Rick Stroup of the Political Economy Research Center in Bozeman, his co-author Jim Gwartney of Florida State University (their textbook *Economics: Private and Public Choice* is among the best), and John Baden, who now spends a good deal of his time in Dallas, where he is executive director of the McGuire Oil and Gas Institute. It is always a pleasure to talk to these people because they appear to be among the few economists in the country who understand the immense political, economic, and environmental implications of property rights.

Baden owns a sheep and cattle ranch in the Gallatin Valley, south of Bozeman, Montana. He called the situation described by Jon Utley in Argentina the "split estate problem" and said that it was also widespread in the Western United States where, in many cases, the federal government granted the surface rights to farmers and ranchers, "but retained the subsurface or mineral rights for themselves." He added that he was one of the lucky ones: on his ranch he owns both mineral and surface rights.

(I don't want to stray from my economics lesson but I will note here that I once caused great embarrassment at the Lone Mountain Ranch, which is where these economic conferences have been held for several years now, by asking Baden and his wife, in front of about ten people, how many acres they owned. There was a shocked silence. I hadn't realized that out West this is the equivalent of asking someone what his salary is. I confess I still don't quite understand why acreage should be confidential, since it presumably is a matter of public record.)

Anyway, Baden explained, one day Phillips Petroleum Company came and knocked on his front door. They wanted to explore for oil on his ranch. That would be no problem, Baden said, provided they agreed not to disrupt the planting season, or the lambing season, and as long as they agreed to clean up any mess they made. That would be no problem, Phillips said, and of course they would be paying a 12.5 percent royalty if they did find oil. So, you see, they were able to agree amicably on a contract.

As it happened Phillips never did do anything beyond some seismic explorations, "but I would have been quite happy if they had come and drilled for oil," Baden said.

Now consider the case of the rancher who does not own the mineral rights to his land. (Let us assume that the federal government has already leased such rights to an oil company.) Just as in Argentina, the rancher dreads the arrival of the oilmen, knowing that he has no contractual right to prevent them from disrupting his life on the ranch. He is not able to come to an amicable agreement because the mineral or "basement" rights are not his to negotiate. The potential for amicable agreement has been superseded by the likelihood of conflict aris-

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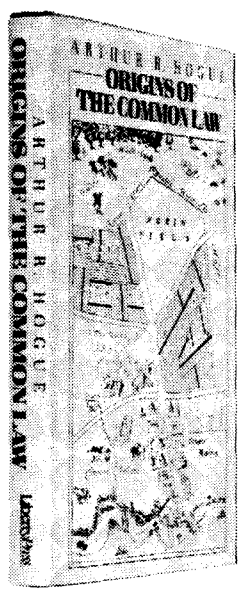

ORIGINS OF THE COMMON LAW

By Arthur R. Hogue

First published in 1966 by Indiana University Press, Arthur R. Hogue's *Origins of the Common Law* looks at the deep medieval roots of our legal system during the early formative period of the common law. Between 1154 and 1307, from the reign of Henry II to that of Edward I, common law experienced a spectacular growth as a legal system enforced in the English Royal Courts. Paraphrasing Professor Hogue: in the form of writs, judicial decisions, treatises, royal ordinances, and parliamentary statutes, the common law, in large part the definition of established customs, emerged into explicit written form and formal procedure to order better such ordinary relationships among Englishmen as those between landlord and tenant, merchant and money lender, and buyer and seller.

In his final chapter, "From Medieval Law to Modern Law," Hogue concludes, "The rule of law, the development of law by means of judicial precedents, the use of the jury to determine the material facts of a case, and the definition of numerous causes of action—these form the principal and valuable legacy of the medieval law to the modern law." And one might add, to the growth of the concept of liberty as well.

This thoughtful, lucid account is a work of history, not a technical legal treatise, and should be of interest to the general reader and the specialist alike.

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ing out of inconsistent "rights" assigned to separate parties.

So what does the rancher do?

He forms a coalition with lawyers who know enough legal tricks to keep the unwelcome intruders off his land altogether. They threaten or actually file lawsuits and generally impose a high cost on the potential mineral explorers. (The probable result is that they stay away, so that no oil is produced.) These people work for law firms that are more normally called "environmental groups." And this explains why the environmental movement has been strong in Western states: that is where property rights are relatively insecure.

By way of example, John Baden mentioned the Northern Plains Resource Council, "a group of environmentalists opposed to mineral development in Montana and the Dakotas," he said. "They organize people supposedly to save the ranching way of life." They have a very emotional appeal going, apparently, complete with campfire meetings, poetry readings, and "people appearing on TV crying about the loss of the dogie on the range."

At that I laughed and Baden said: "Don't represent me as being against the ranchers! My wife and I come from five generations of ranchers."

His point was that the ranching way of life appears perfectly secure to ranchers who own mineral rights to their ranches, even when Phillips Petroleum comes knocking on the door. But it appears insecure when such rights have been assigned to someone whose unimpeded actions are inconsistent with the rights you thought you had—e.g., to graze sheep.

I suppose the basic point here is that it is as difficult to keep separate surface and mineral rights as it is blood from Shylock's pound of flesh. Therefore assigning such rights to separate parties is a prescription for conflict.

Baden, Rick Stroup, Jim Gwartney, and others have been advocating the privatization of Western lands for some years now. The environment is better cared for when those who use it must also pay for it; that is, when people are responsible for their own actions. Typically with government land you encounter the "free rider problem." This arises when the benefit of some action is privatized and the cost is socialized. Public "ownership" and hence overutilization of the National Parks falls into this category. It would take me five more lectures at least to cover what has come to be called the New Resource Economics, so I won't go into this any further now.

What is interesting here is the way one's perception of the world depends on the disposition of property rights. Socialize the mineral rights and the ranchers' way of life is seen to be threatened (and in fact it may be). Privatize them and all is okay. The best illustration of this, lovingly cited by Baden and Stroup, is the Rainey Wildlife Sanctuary in Louisiana, owned by the National Audubon Society. They also own the mineral rights. Did they allow oil and gas exploration? Yes they did, and now they have six producing wells bringing the Society "close to a million dollars a year" in royalties, according to Baden and Stroup. And the birds didn't mind a bit. The point here is not simply that, because they owned the rights, they experienced the "opportunity cost" (lost opportunity) of *not* permitting drilling (although such exposure to financial incentives is not to be sneezed at). The point is that the Audubon Society was not afraid to admit the oilmen because they had the legal right to shape the contract, telling the oilmen what they could and could not do.

That's the end of today's class. Now we know why capitalism has worked well in North as opposed to South America. It wasn't the "Protestant work ethic." It was and is the law. □

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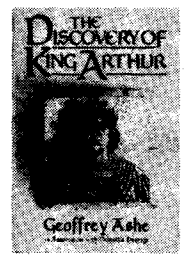

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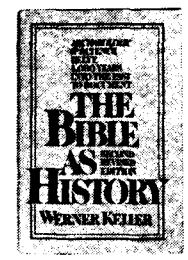

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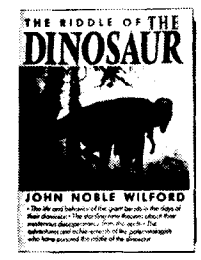

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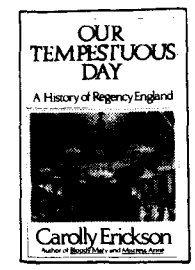

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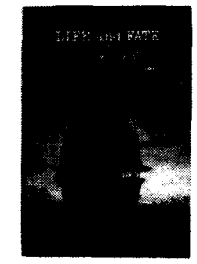
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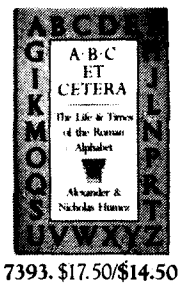

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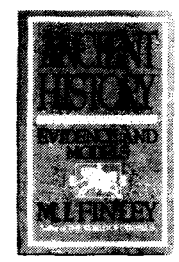

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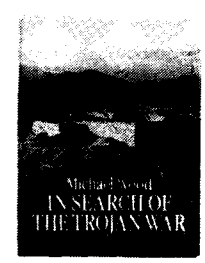

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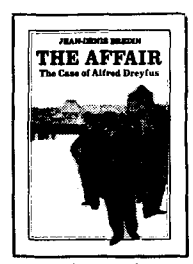

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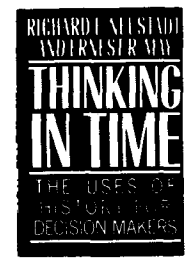

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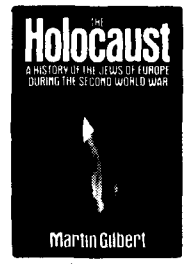

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Nicholas Rowe

THE VILLAGE OF THE LIVING DEAD

With the Cubans in Angola.

I was in Angola earlier this year with a Canadian news team. Outside Jamba, the provisional capital of rebel leader Jonas Savimbi's UNITA movement, is a small village housing refugee women from the regions under the control of the Luanda Communist regime. It is known as "the village of the living dead." Some of the women are mutilated, others have lost their mind, all are victims of Soviet-inspired barbarism. And yet they speak of themselves as the lucky ones: they have survived.

Through our interpreter we spoke to some of the women able and willing to recount their experiences. The first was Madalena Ngueve, who looked much older than her forty-five years:

"It was the second of November 1984 when the Cubans came to our village. I tried to stop them taking away my son. He was twelve, and from the age of ten and upwards they come and ship them off to Cuba. I tried to stop them but one of the Cubans cut off my arm with a bayonet. They were beating the children who didn't want to leave their parents, beating them with the butt ends of their rifles. So, while I was bleeding, they took away my son. He was my only child. I've had no contact with him since that day."

Severina Chilombo, arms crossed tight over her stomach, rocked compulsively back and forth as she told us her story:

"The Cubans arrived at my village just at daybreak. They locked some of the people into the huts and burned them alive. Others, their limbs—arms and legs—were cut off. My father burned to death in one of the huts, also my uncle. They poured gasoline on the huts and with torches they lit the fires. They ripped the baby I was carrying off my back. They swung and smashed her against a tree. She died, her little head cracked open. I was pushed into a lorry with some of the other younger women and boys. Later they stopped. I was raped the first time by ten men. We were raped in front of the boys deliberately. The Cubans said to them, 'Look how we rape your mothers and sisters so they can't have any more children.' During the journey we could choose whether we wanted sex voluntarily or not. Those who resisted were stabbed by bayonets. Then they were raped. Then they were killed. At the end of the journey the boys were taken away and the women put into prison. We weren't allowed to wash or anything for the first seven days. But every day the Cubans came and . . . and . . . violated us. I lost my father and my mother. Everybody. There are days when I don't have any more tears left to cry. Today is almost one of those days. It was my first baby. My only baby."

Veronica Kahali was concerned that we would not believe her. She kept repeating to our interpreter, "I am not inventing a story, I saw what I saw with my own eyes." She would point to her companions in distress. "They know I am telling the truth. . . . We have all seen so much, been through so much." Reassured that we did not doubt her and that our tape-recorder would capture every word, she began in a flat, emotionless voice, as if memory of her Calvary would be erased by its telling:

"When the Cubans arrived at my village, all the people were rounded up. The older people were killed, the younger ones taken away, the boys to the army. The young women were separated from the men and taken to prison." Almost as an afterthought, she added, "The pregnant women in prison were killed by having their bellies cut open. The Cubans cut open the pregnant women by bayoneting them from just below the breast downwards."

There was an involuntary gasp of horror from our interpreter, herself a mother. Veronica Kahali was again immediately on the defensive. "But I saw it! My sister was close to her time and her belly was ripped open. She died next to her unborn baby. I saw it!"

Once calmed, she resumed her monotone monologue:

"Our people were sorted out into groups: old men, young men, old women, young women, children. The old men were killed right there on the spot. The children who gave problems were beaten to death with rifle butts . . . anything . . . hacked with choppers, pangas. The group of girls I was in, the Cubans and Fapla [soldiers of the Angolan Communist army] came every day. . . . five of them sometimes. They chose a woman and took her out of the cells. I was raped continuously. They had no mercy. If you screamed or made any noise they just gagged your mouth and held you down. Of course some of the women cried. That made it worse for them. They were beaten up and then, afterwards, they were killed."

Angelina Missoji was much more emotional; anxious that we should hear her story but ashamed of her part in it:

"It was a very sad morning. The people were walking down to the fields, it was harvest time. We walked into an ambush laid by the Cubans and some Fapla soldiers. When we fell into this ambush, I tried to run away but I was shot in my foot. Later I was taken away by the Cubans. The bone in my foot was not shattered by the bullet, but in prison the bottom part of my leg was amputated anyway."

At first undecided whether to display her mutilation or to conceal it, she finally tucked her truncated leg under the wooden bench where she was hunched.

"The villagers were divided into groups. The very old people were killed immediately, other old women taken to prison to work there. The younger

Nicholas Rowe is the pseudonym of a screenwriter and producer who makes his home in the French Pyrenees.

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women were raped and the young men sent for military training. I saw with my own eyes two different ways of killing the old. Some were lined up and shot. Others who were very old were simply clubbed to death, or kicked to death with boots or bayoneted. Both my mother and father were killed by the Cubans. I was there, I saw it. Both were killed in more or less the same way. First they were clubbed and then shot. I was very sad and also angry with myself that I did nothing, said nothing. But I would have been killed as well. I was afraid. It is very difficult for me to remember these things. No, I can't talk any more about this. I'm sorry. Forgive me."

The question we all asked ourselves was why: why attack these villages deep inside the part of Angola nominally controlled by José Eduardo Dos Santos and his Cuban allies? The answer came from an unexpected source, a Cuban who deserted to join UNITA. Miguel Garcia Enamorado, from the Cuban province of Gran Ma, explained that any village more than ten kilometers outside a town was automatically considered to favor UNITA and was therefore subject to punitive measures, "*pour encourager les autres.*" Orders were, "Destroy everything, burn down the houses, kill the cattle, neutralize the population."

The above testimony makes me think that if Jonas Savimbi and UNITA lose their war, the village of the living dead may become the country of the living dead. □

Adrian Karatnycky

THE UKRAINIAN OPTION

Forty million people waiting to be used.

It is Europe's invisible nation. With a population of nearly fifty million, a territory comparable in size to that of France, and a history of dogged resistance to foreign rule, it dimly exists on the fringes of Western consciousness. As the Czech writer Milan Kundera has written:

> . . . over the past five decades forty million Ukrainians have been quietly vanishing from the world without the world paying heed.

In the aftermath of the Chernobyl nuclear accident, the invisibility of the Ukrainians was further underscored. The *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the three television networks chose to ignore the national dimension of the catastrophe. Were a nuclear accident to occur in, say, Northern Ireland, it would be inconceivable for the press to disregard the implications for nationalism and separatism.

Paradoxically, while in the West the Ukraine and Ukrainians remain a hidden nation, in recent years the East European democratic opposition has recognized their central role in the eventual decolonization of the Soviet bloc. Polish opposition leader Jacek Kuroń has written that "without an independent Ukraine there can be no independent Poland." The noted Polish democratic activist Adam Michnik has echoed this theme. When Solidarity gathered at its historic Congress in Gdansk in September 1980, it issued a famous call to "the nations of the Soviet Union" in which it asserted: "We are profoundly aware of the community of our fates. . . . We support those among you who have decided on the difficult road of struggle for free trade unions." Mindful of the need for improved relations with its non-Russian neighbors, Solidarity's leaders also declared their commitment to the defense of the rights of the Jewish, Lithuanian, and Ukrainian minorities in Poland.

In the period of martial law such mainstream underground groupings as "Fighting Solidarity" and *Tygodnik Mazowsze* (the official Warsaw-based newspaper of the Solidarity underground) have published extensive information on the Ukrainian opposition and on Ukrainian history and culture. Indeed, publications in Ukrainian are appearing with increasing regularity in the Polish underground—with the Ukraine as their intended ultimate destination.

This dissident *realpolitik* should not be surprising. As Richard Pipes has observed, "With fifty million people, 86 percent of them (as of 1970) Ukrainian-speaking, the Ukraine is potentially a major European state. Its separation would not only deprive Russia of an important source of food and industrial products, but also cut it off from the Black Sea and the Balkans. . . ."

In its own way, the Soviet leadership also recognizes the decisive role of the Ukrainians, who historically have been well represented in leading party posts. Official lip service is paid to the Ukrainian SSR as an "autonomous republic" with its own government. Moscow's sensitivity to Ukrainian national sentiments was played out last June before an audience of millions of Soviet television viewers. In a revealing episode, Mikhail Gorbachev engaged in an impromptu street conversation with Ukrainians in Kiev:

> Listen [Gorbachev said], we coped after the Imperialist war, after the civil war, when the country was in ruins. . . . Nothing was left after that. But we coped. We coped. They predicted Russia would never rise again after the war. But we rose again. . . . For all the people who are striving for good, Russia—er, the Soviet Union, I mean—that is what we call it now, and what it is in fact—for them it is a bulwark.

What is noteworthy is that Gorbachev not only recognized he had made a slip of the tongue before a Ukrainian public, but that he compounded the slip by clumsily suggesting that Russia and the Soviet Union were indeed synonymous. Ironically, this is the same error that is regularly repeated in the U.S. press.

The U.S. government, likewise, acknowledges the potential significance of the Ukrainian factor. A consulate will soon open in Kiev, providing the U.S. with an important source for information about party, state, and dissident developments in the Ukraine. The Voice of America and Radio Liberty broadcast a substantial roster of programs in Ukrainian into the Ukrainian SSR. Their surveys indicate that a higher proportion of Ukrainians tune in to these broadcasts than Soviet Russians to Russian-language broadcasts.[1]

Despite these important initiatives Ukrainian nationalism is still a very minor sideshow for most of the U.S. foreign policy establishment. Patronizing tribute is paid to Ukrainians in ritual declarations of "Captive Nations Week" and in commemorations of Ukrainian independence. Yet U.S. foreign policy does not exploit the contradictions of Soviet policy toward the Ukraine. No effort is made, for example, to take advantage of the fact that the Ukrainian SSR is a putatively autonomous member state of the United Nations. Thus when Ukrainian Communist party first secretary Volodymyr Shcherbitsky visited the U.S. last year, no attention was paid to him in his Ukrainian capacity. No effort was made by government leaders nor by the U.S. press to hold him accountable for the suppression of Ukrainian human rights advocates nor for an intensified, decade-long clampdown on Ukrainian culture. The very same members of the House and Senate who routinely place *pro forma* statements about Ukrainian independence into the *Congressional*

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[1] In the case of Radio Liberty, however, the staff of the Ukrainian service is half that of Radio Free Europe's Bulgarian Service, this for a potential audience that is five times larger than the Bulgarian.

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Record did not see fit to raise the issue of the Ukraine's colonial status with the Soviet Ukrainian leader.

Characteristically, despite its strategic and economic importance to the USSR, the Ukraine and Ukrainians remain something of an enigma in the West. Their history—marked by persistent struggles for self-determination—has been obscured by centuries of foreign rule. Despite domination, in turn, by Mongols, Lithuanians, Poles, Germans, and Russians, the Ukrainians have developed and maintained a distinct culture, language, and national identity.

Today the Ukrainians are the largest nation in the world without a state. This was not always so. Most recently, with the collapse of Tsarist rule, an independent Ukrainian state was proclaimed in Kiev on January 22, 1918. When the Bolsheviks went to Brest-Litovsk, Lenin declared: "The Russian worker, having no confidence even for a single moment in the Russian or Ukrainian bourgeoisie, now defends the right of Ukrainians to separate and does not impose on them his friendship." The independence of the Ukraine was one of the conditions of the separate peace concluded by Germany and Russia at Brest-Litovsk. Woodrow Wilson's commitment to national self-determination included a conception of Ukrainian independence. But by 1921, these hopes had been quashed and the Ukraine partitioned, the bulk of it incorporated into what was to become the USSR.

Ukrainian nationalism has manifested itself variously through more than sixty years of Soviet rule. A Ukrainian form of national Communism emerged in the 1920s, with party leaders seeking greater autonomy, resisting the centralizing tendencies of the Russian-dominated central party apparatus, and promoting a blossoming of Ukrainian culture. These phenomena alarmed Stalin and by 1930 the first show trials of Ukrainian artists and intellectuals began. Meanwhile, Stalin's forced collectivization of 1932-33 claimed from four-to-seven million victims. The tenacity of resistance to collectivization demonstrated a significant historical difference between Ukrainians and Russians: in the Ukraine, communal land ownership had been virtually nonexistent in the pre-Revolutionary era. But the principal aim of the forced famine was to break the back of the Ukrainian peasantry, which, as the deeply religious and highly conservative bearer of the Ukrainian language, was the traditional bedrock of the national movement. In the words of Russian writer Lev Kopelev, Stalin's "destruction of the peasantry" amounted to no less than "pulling out the living roots of national historical existence."

During World War II the Ukraine—its population caught in a vise between two totalitarian empires—lost nearly six million people, four million of them civilians, including nearly one million Ukrainian Jews. In the postwar period, a substantial number of Ukrainian nationalists waged an armed struggle against Communist rule until 1950, in the mistaken belief that it was only a matter of time before the Western democracies would be forced into an inevitable war with Soviet totalitarianism. The longstanding resistance would not have been possible without the support of large segments of the Ukrainian population. As their reward, more than half a million Ukrainians were deported to Siberia after the war.

Were a nuclear accident to occur in, say, Northern Ireland, it would be inconceivable for the press to disregard the implications for nationalism and separatism.

But Ukrainian quiescence was short-lived. The 1960s and 1970s saw the emergence of a new Ukrainian democratic dissident movement. Artists, writers, and scholars joined in testing the limits of official tolerance to independent thought. An extensive underground *samvydav* (self-published) literature emerged. Yet even this largely cultural expression of national identity proved too much for the Soviet authorities. A generation of the Ukraine's most talented writers and artists soon found itself behind bars or in the gulag.

Resistance to Moscow also manifested itself within the Ukrainian Communist elite. Discontented Ukrainian officials publicly began calling the extensive recentralization of economic power in the early Brezhnev years "a very grave mistake . . . [that] should not have been allowed in a socialist economy." As historian Bohdan Krawchenko has written in an excellent new work,[2] "Centralization was designed to unify the Soviet Union under Russian hegemony; but by trampling on the ambitions of the new Ukrainian elite, [the Kremlin] succeeded in making that elite 'more Ukrainian than Soviet'. . . ." In 1972, Moscow's fear of Ukrainian separatism led to an extensive purge of Ukrainian party and cultural leaders. First to go was Ukrainian party first secretary Petro Shelest, and he was soon joined by thousands of other high-ranking party, government, press, educational, and cultural workers.

Intra-party tensions based on nationalism are a "contradiction" built into the Soviet system. Party leaders inevitably are drawn toward relying on national sentiment as a means of consolidating their local power. Their desire for a greater role in decision-making likewise brings them into conflict with the "center." Such tensions also surface in relations between the USSR and its satellites.

In the late 1970s, reeling from more than a decade of sustained repression, Ukrainian opposition acquired a decidedly more radical tone. A document of the Ukrainian Patriotic Movement made this change in orientation explicit: "The spiritual and cultural climate here in the Ukraine and in the USSR has become a horror for all civilized people. . . . The USSR has become a military-police state with wide-ranging imperialist intentions. . . . For more than sixty years the so-called government in the Ukraine has been implementing this policy of national genocide. . . ." These anonymous and embittered dissidents declared their desire "to secede from the USSR, and lead our nation out of Communist imprisonment."

While the Patriotic Movement had only a handful of members, Ukrainian dissent has not been confined to small groups. In 1979, for example, tens of thousands of Ukrainians in Lvov took part in an anti-Soviet demonstration at the funeral of a popular Ukrainian composer, Volodymyr Ivasyuk, murdered under suspicious circumstances.

Another significant form of Ukrainian discontent has been worker opposition. Soviet rule has seen a profound transformation in the social structure of Ukrainians. According to Krawchenko, in 1939 only 29 percent of Ukrainians were of the working class and 13 percent were white collar workers; 58 percent were collective farmers. By the 1970s 47 percent were industrial workers, 16 percent white collars, and 37 percent collective farmers. This movement of Ukrainians from the farms and villages into factories and cities carried with it a concomitant improvement in education and living standards. But the second generation of urbanized Ukrainians that emerged in the 1970s was far less likely to be satisfied with its standards. One result has been an upturn in mass unrest and independent trade union activism by Ukrainian workers. Nearly twenty strikes are known to have occurred in the Ukraine since the 1960s. Worker unrest has manifested itself in Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Sevastopol, Priluki, Kerch, and Dnepropetrovsk, ranging from city-wide work stoppages to strikes of small work brigades involving a handful of workers. Such strikes focus predominantly on "quality of life" issues such as housing, work conditions, and wages. Yet some also contain elements of resentment against Russian rule. In the vast majority of these cases the Soviet response has been to act quickly to improve conditions and satisfy immediate demands. Only subsequently have strike leaders been rounded up, arrested, and incarcerated in psychiatric prisons.

An unlikely source of Ukrainian dissent has been the outlawed Ukrainian Catholic Church. Historically, most Ukrainians were of the Orthodox faith, the remaining one-fifth being Catholic. Stalin's efforts to eradicate Ukrainian national sentiment led, first, to the outlawing of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church and its merging into the state-controlled Russian Church and, later, to the banning of the Ukrainian ("Uniate") Catholics, who adhere to Orthodox ritual while maintaining loyalty to Rome.

Although the Ukrainian Orthodox are today in an impossible position, there has been a perceptible upturn in dissident Ukrainian Catholic activity. In 1982 an Initiative Group for the Defense of Believers and the Church was formed to document the suppression of religion and to press for legalization of the Ukrainian Uniates. The *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in the Ukraine* began to appear in 1984. It was joined by a second *samvydav* journal, the *Ukrainian Catholic Herald.* In June of this year a new underground religious journal reached the West. Entitled the *Chronicle of the Ukrainian Church in the Catacombs,* the first issue documents the trial of Catholic rights activist Vasyl Kobryn.

Taken together, these periodicals indicate that an active underground Catholic Church functions in the Ukraine complete with priests, nuns, and clandestine religious communities. One recent underground document, moreover, demonstrates the close relationship between such religious opposition and nationalism: "The Church will be free to function when the Ukraine becomes an independent state." With the millennium of Christianity in the Ukraine approaching in 1988, activity by dissident Ukrainian

[2]Bohdan Krawchenko, *Social Change and National Consciousness in the Twentieth-Century Ukraine.* St. Martin's Press, $27.50.

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religious groups is likely to increase.

The restiveness of the Ukrainians is one of the underlying premises for what the Soviets euphemistically call their "nationalities policy." Simply put, the policy is to help in the Soviet effort to manage the world's last surviving multinational empire. Under Yuri Andropov, Gorbachev's mentor, the focus was decidedly on the "merging [*sliyanie*] of nations." Such a fusion was integrally linked to Marxist-Leninist tenets of internationalism and meant no less than the disappearance of national distinctions. In a state in which half the population is non-Russian, such a merging could only be in the direction of the largest nationality—the Russians. The concept, then, is no more than a code word for Russification.

Currently, Gorbachev is in the complex process of consolidating power. He therefore is avoiding Andropov's explicit terminology, preferring for the moment to speak of the "complete unity of nations" as a goal for the remote future. The number two man in the Kremlin, chief ideologist Yegor Ligachev, has recently acknowledged the persistent problems confronting the Soviet Union in the national arena. In a speech to the 27th Congress of the Communist Party in February, Ligachev pointed to the need for "tireless concern about the growth of local personnel and their upbringing in the spirit of internationalism." He likewise lamented the fact that cronyism has "prevented the promotion of representatives of all nationalities to positions of authority, interregional exchange of personnel, and an exchange of experienced workers between the republics and the center. . . ." Ligachev was thus indicating that the Kremlin will play a growing role in breaking up nationally based party elites (who pose the ever-present danger of national Communism), while at the same time seeking to diffuse national discontent by increasing the presence of non-Russian representation in Moscow—the center of power. Through such policies and a combination of severe repression and skillful internal appeals to national pride, the Kremlin has successfully kept the lid on Ukrainian nationalism.

It would be difficult to overstate Soviet success in keeping the Ukrainian question invisible in the West. The problem, however, is that little has been done in the West to counter the Soviet line. For starters, there is Western reporting, which is both Moscow-centered in the extreme and ever fond of simplification. To this day, the *New York Times* style manual persists in regarding "Russia" and the "Soviet Union" as interchangeable. Sovietologists and Western pundits often fall into this trap. The effect is doubly harmful: It identifies totalitarian policies with the Russian nation and obscures the colonial nature of the Soviet empire.

The Ukrainians are the largest nation in the world without a state.

There is another, more pernicious reason for the invisibility of the Ukraine: a lingering perception of Ukrainian war guilt. The image of thousands of citizens lining the streets of the Ukraine's cities to welcome the invading Nazi troops in 1941 haunts Ukrainians to this day, as does the memory of participation by thousands of Ukrainians in the German war effort. Yet the view of Ukrainian nationalists as overwhelmingly pro-Nazi reflects an image largely promoted by Soviet propaganda.

It ignores the fact of significant Ukrainian resistance to the Germans. And it fails to take account of the complex fact that the many Ukrainians who did welcome the Nazis as "liberators" had lived under more than a decade of Stalin's terror and had survived Stalin's manmade famine. Trapped in an insular, totalitarian society without access to information about the true nature of Hitler's rule, and disbelieving the propaganda of a Soviet government which had lied to them repeatedly (and only one year earlier had trumpeted the Nazis as the USSR's allies), Ukrainian perceptions of Nazism were at best confused and uninformed. Moreover, some Ukrainian nationalists had welcomed the Nazis because they wrongly viewed the German invasion as an opportunity to establish their own independent state. Hitler's intentions were far different: nationalists who declared an independent state in 1941 were quickly rounded up and imprisoned in concentration camps. Others fled into the underground and participated in the creation of a Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) to fight both the Nazis and the Red Army. At its height UPA had some 40,000 guerrillas who by 1943 controlled a liberated zone of 50,000 square kilometers and two million inhabitants. Yet the struggle of UPA is virtually unknown in the West; instead, images of Ukrainian nationalists as Nazi collaborators continue to dominate Western perceptions, even though the Nazis killed over 5 million Ukrainians, a people whom they regarded as a slave race at best.

For nearly forty years the Soviets have been skillfully providing evidence about Ukrainian war criminals in the West. Although much of the evidence is fabricated,[3] some of it is undoubtedly true and there are many war criminals (Ukrainian and otherwise) who were never brought to justice. Nonetheless, it is equally true that Soviet practice over the decades has been to provide a small but steady stream of evidence as a constant reminder of Ukrainian war guilt and collaboration.[4] The net effect has been devastating. Today, Ukrainian-Jewish relations in this country are characterized by suspicion and recrimination. The new effect has been to atomize two of the largest American ethnic groupings which have a direct common interest in opposing Soviet Communism. By contrast, in the Soviet Union Ukrainian dissidents work closely with their Jewish counterparts; and nowhere is such cooperation stronger than in the gulag, where political prisoners are united by what some ironically have referred to as a "true internationalism of the barbed wire."

A final reason for Ukrainian invisibility is political. To credit the existence of the Ukrainian nation is to underscore the nature of the Soviet Union as a multinational empire, built as are all such empires on a rocky foundation. That view of an unstable Soviet Union does not sit well with proponents of "détente at any cost," who insist that we have no choice but to accept the Soviet Union as a permanent factor in world affairs.

While the sufferings and vicissitudes of the Ukrainians are morally compelling, there are practical reasons for the U.S. to take a greater interest in the Ukrainian cause. Despite Soviet successes in suppressing dissent and quelling separatist sentiments, Ukrainian nationalism looms as an immovable obstacle to Soviet stability. Instability occasioned by Ukrainian and other nationalism would force the Soviets to turn inward. Instability would impose significant limits on the global ambitions and adventurism of a conservative Soviet establishment which historically has refrained from engaging in high-risk actions. It would have implications for the reliability of the Soviet military, for party politics, and for national cohesiveness. It would also relieve pressure on the USSR's satellites, as Eastern Europe's democratic opposition recognizes.

As Jeane Kirkpatrick and her staff frequently demonstrated at the U.N., the Ukrainian question can be a powerful reminder of the true nature of Soviet colonial rule. In the East-West battle of ideas, it alerts the highly nationalistic Third World elites about Soviet treatment of national minorities and exposes the hypocrisy of Soviet support for "national liberation struggles." We can only blame ourselves if the enslavement of large nations by the Soviet empire is an issue not raised in international debate, and is a factor not exploited by the West in its struggles with Moscow. □

[3]This was the theme of a lengthy article in the *Los Angeles Times* of April 28, 1986. In his story former *Times* Moscow correspondent Robert Gillette reported that "a Soviet official, in an apparent act of conscience, warned the United States three years ago that Moscow was trying to deceive the Justice Department through evidence it has supplied against alleged Nazi war criminals in the United States." According to this official, Soviet authorities were coaching Soviet citizens to testify in cases against émigrés. The article also reported that "several U.S. district and appeals courts in the last three years have cited troubling indications that some Soviet testimony supplied to the government had been falsified."

[4]The disingenuousness of Soviet commitment in bringing war criminals to swift justice is perhaps best illustrated in the case of Erich Koch. Koch, who served as *Reichskommissar* of the Ukraine, coordinated the murder of millions of Ukrainians and Jews. Koch publicly referred to himself as "a brutal dog" sent "to suck from the Ukraine all the goods we can get hold of. . . ." Today he lives, reportedly in some comfort, in Poland's Barczewo Prison (where large numbers of Solidarity trade union leaders also are detained). His original death sentence for crimes committed while serving in East Prussia mysteriously was never carried out. Despite the enormity of his crimes against Jews and Ukrainians alike, the Soviet government has never asked for his extradition for trial on charges of war crimes in the Ukraine. To do so would run the risk of exposing the myth the Soviets have sought to project, that of massive Ukrainian disloyalty, war guilt, and pampered treatment at the hands of the Nazis.

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William Tucker

BRING BACK THE JURY

A Founding institution flounders.

Last March the Supreme Court upheld the murder conviction of a man who confessed to Rhode Island police after the police tricked his attorney into thinking the man wasn't going to be interrogated. The defendant had been arrested on an unrelated burglary. He contacted his sister, who called a public defender. The attorney phoned the police, who assured him the man would not be interrogated until the next day. Meanwhile, the police went ahead and questioned him, obtaining a confession.

The Supreme Court, holding its nose, said the confession could stand. "[The Court] shares a distaste for the deliberate misleading," said Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, writing for the majority. "But we have never read the Constitution to require that the police supply a suspect with a flow of information to help him calibrate his self-interest in deciding whether to speak or stand by his rights."

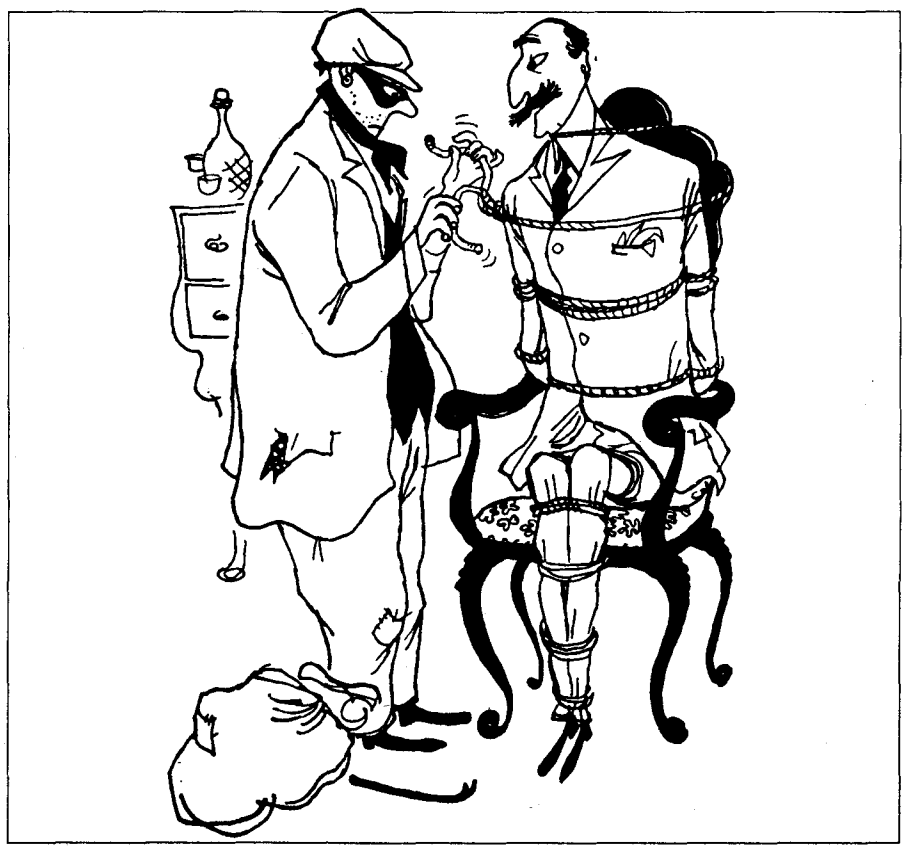
I don't know about you, but I am getting pretty sick of all these hairsplitting efforts to interpret the Bill of Rights on criminal procedures. Exactly thirty years ago the Supreme Court painted itself into a corner by adopting the *Miranda* doctrine, which says that criminals cannot be interrogated unless they are advised of their rights to an attorney. Yet any attorney worth his law degree will not let his client confess. In fact, the courts have occasionally ruled that an attorney offered "incompetent counsel" by allowing his client to confess.

So how are the police supposed to interrogate a suspect? Well, they can mumble the *Miranda* warning, hoping the defendant really doesn't understand. They can recite it casually and bait the suspect into bluffing it out. Or they can use deception and trickery and try to hang on through the appeals process.

The same technical chicanery has come to dominate searches and seizures since the Court adopted the "exclusionary rule" in *Mapp* v. *Ohio* (1961). The rule says that physical evidence seized by the police cannot be used in court if the search violated the defendant's constitutional rights. Since then "violations of constitutional rights" have been refined to the point where they now include spelling and typographical errors on search warrants. If the police make a technical mistake, the warrant is invalid and the search unconstitutional.

In 1984, the Supreme Court tried to backtrack by carving out a "good faith" exemption, which says that small mistakes can be overlooked if the police were acting in "good faith." But the results have been ambiguous. This year the New York State Court of Appeals announced it was going to ignore the Supreme Court's good-faith exemption and go on looking for spelling errors. The judges acted under a novel thesis currently emerging from the law schools, which says that while the state courts must obey the Supreme Court in *expanding* criminals' rights, they do not necessarily have to follow the Court's lead in *limiting* the rights of criminals.

How did the nation's criminal justice system ever turn into such a farce? To my mind, it all stems from a tragic—albeit deliberate—misreading of the Bill of Rights. The courts have continually put the defendant and his desires to avoid punishment at the heart of criminal procedure. All this is justified as being written in the first Ten Amendments. But that is not the way the Bill of Rights was written. For the Founding Fathers, the heart of the justice system lay in that ancient common-law institution, the jury.



Over the past year and a half I have had the opportunity to read through much of the literature surrounding the adoption of the Constitution—including James Madison's transcript of the entire Constitutional Convention. Perhaps not surprisingly, I found very little concern among the Founding Fathers for the "rights of criminal defendants." Instead, their main concern revolved around the rights of the jury.

The Founding Fathers had a very simple formula for avoiding abuses in the criminal justice system: *Juries* should have the last word at criminal trials. The Founders' basic concern was that the common-law rights of juries be carried over into the new republican government. They wanted to keep questions of criminal justice in the hands of twelve randomly chosen members of the community.

To be a little more specific, the Founding Fathers did not particularly trust *judges*. Ironically, it was Thomas Jefferson—the greatest civil libertarian of the generation—who held the strongest brief against the judiciary. (Jefferson did not participate in the Constitutional Convention, but campaigned extensively for the Bill of Rights.) Jefferson had a clear, lifelong view of the judiciary as an essentially aristocratic institution strongly inclined toward taking power out of the hands of the people. This view was later confirmed when Jefferson spent most of his eight-year administration clashing with the federal courts, which had been stacked by the outgoing Federalists. "All our democratic institutions are for nought," he complained bitterly, "and the Constitution is nothing but clay in the hands of the judges."

There was much in Colonial history to support the Founders' wariness of the judiciary. During 150 years of British rule, both the executive and

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judicial branches had been perceived as extensions of the Crown. On the other hand, the Colonial legislatures—immensely popular institutions—represented the will of the people. Whenever differences arose, the legislature and that other popular institution—the jury—had stood the Colonists in good stead. In the famous freedom-of-the-press trial of John Peter Zenger, for example, two grand juries originally refused to bring indictments. The case went forward anyway under a rare "prosecutor's information." The judge specifically instructed the jury to bring back a verdict of guilty, but the randomly selected jury of citizens once again stood its ground and voted acquittal—to the immense displeasure of the British authority. All this endeared both the jury and the grand jury in the hearts of the people.

The Founding Fathers had a very simple formula for avoiding abuses in the criminal justice system: Juries should have the last word at criminal trials.

When the Colonists started defying the British Stamp Act of 1765, they once again learned the value of local juries. Seeking convictions against protestors, the British parliament unearthed an old statute from the era of Henry VIII which said that rebelling colonists could be brought to England for trial. There, before unsympathetic juries, they were almost always convicted.

On the other hand, the Colonists found that when American juries reached verdicts on local crimes, the crown-appointed judiciary would override the proceedings and impose its own will. This became such a common grievance that Jefferson wrote it into the Declaration of Independence. He accused King George of "quartering large bodies of troops among us [and] protecting them, by a mock trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States."

Thus, the delegates who came to Philadelphia for the Constitutional Convention in 1787 arrived with a firm conviction that the best way to avoid abuses in the criminal justice system was to protect the prerogatives of local juries. During the Constitutional debates, faith in the jury system was almost a byword. "I stand by this as I stand by trial by jury," proclaimed Madison at one point. As a result, the federal courts were given original jurisdiction only in cases involving ambassadors, maritime issues, and interstate disputes. Article III states: "The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes have been committed. . . ."

Still, many people were unsatisfied. In particular, they worried that federal judges might be tempted to intervene in state criminal proceedings. As Broadus and Louise Mitchell wrote in *A Biography of the Constitution* (1964), "The judicial power as it stood in the Constitution gave special dissatisfaction in the states, where many believed the federal courts would intrude, or, in appealed cases, would override determinations of local juries." Many noted the habit of appeals courts to retry cases on their facts, rather than limiting themselves to interpretations of the law. After reading the proposed Constitution, Jefferson wrote Madison that he would like to see "appeal in fact as well as law" specifically prohibited in the Bill of Rights.

It was these concerns, among others, that came before the First Congress when it convened in Philadelphia. Madison had been converted to the need for a Bill of Rights during the ratification campaign and made it the first order of business. When Congress asked the state legislatures to propose possible amendments to the Constitution, all thirteen listed "trial by jury." Only nine mentioned freedom of speech.

Thus, the criminal portions of the Bill of Rights were all built around the framework of the rights of jury. Other particular concerns also mirrored historical experiences. The Fourth Amendment's strictures on searches and seizures, for example, arose in reaction to infamous "writs of assistance"—general search warrants specifying no particular crime which the British had used to conduct house-to-house searches. The wording of the amendment reflects a concern against *random* searches—"the people shall be secure from *unreasonable* searches, and no warrant shall be issued without specifying the places to be searched and the things to be seized" (my emphasis).

The Fifth Amendment began by laying out the privileges of grand juries, which bring indictments under English law. "No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury." The amendment then prohibits double jeopardy, and holds that no person "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself" (the basis of *Miranda*), nor "deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." The last clause adds that "private property [shall not] be taken for public use without just compensation." (The progression may seem somewhat disjointed, but the First Congress was, after all, a committee.)

The Sixth Amendment expanded on Article III of the Constitution: "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed . . . and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusations; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense."

The emphasis here is on the *information* that is to be brought before the jury. The amendment does not suggest—as the courts currently claim—that criminal defendants must be given every conceivable benefit of the doubt, and that a guilty person should benefit from inconsequential errors in criminal proceedings. The locus of attention is not the criminal but the *jury* and its right to hear as much information as possible in deciding the case. Only under the most bizarre misinterpretations could these clauses be read to mean that a criminal has a right to escape detection and that the public has no right to seek out the truth in a criminal matter.

Then comes the Seventh Amendment. I will simply quote it in full: "In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and *no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise reexamined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of common law*" (my emphasis).

I have talked to attorneys who have spent decades in the criminal justice system without ever hearing of the Seventh Amendment. "It's a dead letter," one told me. "They never said a thing about it in law school." Another told me that the Seventh Amendment was adopted "so that English common law rather than French or Spanish law would be established in the Louisiana Territory." (It may have been used in that way at some point, but that was certainly not the original intent.)

Other attorneys argue that because the clause comes after a description of trials it should apply only to civil trials. But the clause occurs at the climax of three long amendments dealing with criminal procedure. It is obviously meant to cover all jury proceedings. The continuously expressed concern of the Founding Fathers throughout the adoption of the Bill of Rights was that judges should be restrained from retrying the facts in both criminal and civil cases.

What ever happened to this jury-centered vision of a criminal justice system? Essentially, it was abolished during the Warren era. The Court accomplished this through a doctrine called the "selective incorporation of the Bill of Rights."

As you may recall from the recent controversy between Attorney General

Jury Liability

One objection frequently raised against returning power to juries is that juries themselves are already responsible for the nation's insurance crisis through huge damage-award giveaways.

The truth is that juries are far less the cause of the problems than is popularly perceived. On a recent tour of the Justice Department, I asked both Attorney General Edwin Meese and Richard Willard, head of the Justice Department's civil division, whether they thought judges or juries were to blame for the insurance crisis. "Judges," they both responded without hesitation.

The situation has become a vicious cycle. As judges have expanded the legal concepts of liability, juries have been invited to give away ever-larger damage awards for less and less reason. But juries are not pulling these concepts out of thin air. They are carefully following the instructions of a judiciary that has come to see the courts as a forum for undoing life's misfortunes and redistributing the nation's wealth.

Faced with increasingly unreasonable verdicts, the appeals courts have become much more active in reducing damages and overturning jury verdicts—usually in complete disregard for the Seventh Amendment's prohibition against retrying cases on "the facts." Indeed, many juries now award even larger damages with the certainty that the appeals courts are going to reduce them anyway.

The result is a further decline of the jury's prestige and powers. Juries are viewed as irresponsible, while appeals judges are the guardians of common sense. Many judges and legal professionals now talk openly about restructuring the jury system or abolishing it altogether.

—W.T.

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Edwin Meese and Justice William Brennan, the Bill of Rights originally applied only to the federal government. The states wanted to remain free to write their own provisions. Madison, for one, thought this was a grievous mistake. The original First Amendment adopted by Congress stated that the Bill of Rights would apply to both the state and federal governments. The states, however—ever jealous of their prerogatives—failed to ratify it, even though Madison called it "the most important one of the whole list." Madison warned the states that if they failed to accept the Bill of Rights as written by Congress they might eventually have to settle for something worse. As it turned out, he was correct.

The question of whether the Bill of Rights should be "incorporated" into state proceedings has become one of the oldest underlying controversies in constitutional law. Under John Marshall, the Court ruled flatly that the Bill of Rights applied only to the federal government. This decision held for some time. Then after the Civil War, the Reconstruction Congress, attempting to forestall the disenfranchisement of Southern blacks, adopted the Fourteenth Amendment, stating that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." The question arose once again: Was the Bill of Rights among those "privileges and immunities" now binding upon the states? In 1876 the Supreme Court once again ruled that they were *not*—that the Bill of Rights still applied only to the federal government.

By the 1920s, however, the Court began to find a way around this dilemma. The justices developed the concept of "selective incorporation." This meant that while the entire Bill of Rights did not apply to the states, certain outstanding provisions—the "preferred freedoms," as Justice Benjamin Cardozo called them—could be incorporated into state proceedings. Among these were freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and freedom of assembly.

The criminal-justice portions of the Bill of Rights, on the other hand, remained in limbo. The Supreme Court continually heard appeals from state criminal trials, often overturning "kangaroo-court" verdicts involving unpopular radicals or blacks in the South. The execution of the Scottsboro boys, for example, was halted several times by the Supreme Court.

But the Court did not assume broad supervisory powers, nor did it try to legislate criminal procedures in the states on a textbook basis. Instead, it limited itself to reviewing the "fundamental fairness" of each particular case. Under this doctrine, the Court restricted itself to the ultimate question that underlies every criminal proceeding: Did this person really get a fair trial, or is an innocent man being railroaded by the system?

That ended with the Warren era. In a short period from 1961 to 1967, the Warren Court "selectively incorporated" the Fourth and Sixth Amendments, and *portions* of the Fifth Amendment, into state proceedings. The Fourth Amendment also came encumbered with the "exclusionary rule," first imposed on the narrow sphere of federal proceedings in 1914, and now extended to the vast criminal-justice apparatuses of the states.

What is important to note, however, is the portions of the Bill of Rights that were *not* incorporated by the Warren Court. They are easily identified. To begin with, there was the first clause of the Fifth Amendment guaranteeing the rights of grand juries. Second, there was the Seventh Amendment, which had never been honored at the federal level anyway, and was now consigned to oblivion. Fred Graham, author of *The Self-Inflicted Wound* (1969), a critique of the Warren era, said the Court found these portions of the Bill of Rights to be "anachronisms."

The Warren Court's real work was to expand the power of judges and take power out of the hands of juries.

Thus, the ultimate thrust of the Warren revolution was slightly different from what has been generally perceived. The popular view is that the Warren Court expanded the rights of criminals. This is indeed true and does not need argument. But the underlying trend was far more significant. The Court's real work was to expand the power of judges and take power out of the hands of juries.

Under the original Constitution and Bill of Rights, jury verdicts were considered almost sacred—easily on a par with the deliberations of representative legislatures. Tocqueville also praised the jury system, arguing that it served as a training ground for the responsibilities of citizenship. Jury decisions from "inflamed" communities occasionally cast a shadow on the system's integrity. But the primacy of the jury verdict was never specifically challenged until the work of the Warren Court.

Juries now hardly even have the next-to-last word in criminal process; the verdict is essentially the beginning of the proceedings. After that come the state appeals, then the federal appeals, then "constitutional challenges" under habeas corpus—all of them offering the possibility of a second and third trial to be followed by further appeals, and only ending if the defendant happens to be acquitted. Criminal attorneys who understand the system best—Alan Dershowitz, for example—don't even bother to go before juries anymore. They concentrate all their efforts at the appeals level.

But that is not the worst. The real undermining of the jury's power has come at the trial level, where juries are continually prevented from hearing all the facts. Because of *Mapp* and *Miranda*, the emphasis in criminal defense work has shifted to using the various exclusionary rules to *prevent* crucial evidence from ever being presented to the jury. Every criminal proceeding now begins with "evidentiary hearings" in which the lawyers and judges decide among themselves what the jury will be allowed to hear. Often this process continues right through the trial, with disputed evidence presented to judges and attorneys, the press and the public—everyone except the jury.

Thus, instead of being the crucial decision-making body, the jury has been reduced to a group of partygoers playing blind-man's bluff. Everyone can see the facts but themselves, and they are frequently the least informed people in the courtroom. Consequently, juries often return verdicts that are completely at variance with the general public's knowledge of the case. This only reduces the prestige of the jury and gives judges more ammunition in expanding their own powers. The result is the continuing decline of one of our oldest and most honored political institutions.

It seems to me entirely mistaken, then, for people like Attorney General Meese to be trying to turn the clock back by arguing that the Bill of Rights should once again be restricted only to the federal government. What we should do instead is to exhume the forgotten portions of the Bill of Rights and incorporate *all* of the First Ten Amendments into criminal proceedings.

If the Supreme Court wants to restore fairness and justice to the American criminal justice system, it should stop picking over the bones of *Mapp* and *Miranda* and begin an entirely new departure that will restore the jury to its historic place.

As Raoul Berger, professor emeritus of constitutional history at Harvard, argues:

> The Founding Fathers had a distinct distrust of judges. They knew that the law professionals tend to become lost in their own subtleties and forget the fundamental purpose of criminal justice—to decide guilt or innocence.
>
> The jury is chosen precisely because of its *ignorance* of precedent. Its contribution to the courtroom is common sense.

In truth, judges and juries are subtle rivals for the same decision-making power. Judges rely on their understanding of and admiration for the complexities of the law. Juries rely on common sense. Today, common sense is losing in American courtrooms. □

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Sidney Hook

COMMUNISTS IN THE CLASSROOM

Professor Hook sets the record straight.

One of the strangest aspects of American public opinion as reflected in media and television attitudes and judgments is the periodic revaluation of the movement that began in the early forties, and culminated in the period after the Korean War. This movement attempted to free American educational institutions—especially colleges and universities—from the services of teachers who were *present* and *active* members of the Communist party. Currently, because many of the graduates of the New Left in the sixties have graduated to positions of influence in newspapers, television, and universities, a largely mythical picture of what occurred, and why it occurred, is being sedulously cultivated. According to this myth, there were hardly any members of the Communist party teaching in the educational establishment anywhere; and those who were teaching actually engaged in no unprofessional activities. Actions taken against them constituted a blind, irrational purge of scapegoats, a witchhunt comparable to the worst features of repression in American history.

The comparison of any effort to uphold the educational integrity of the teaching process to a witchhunt is doubly instructive and confusing. It implied that since there were no witches, there really were no Communists. And since those who persecuted the witches were ignorant bigots and cruel creatures devoid of compassion and pity, so those who approved of barring *present* and *active* members of the Communist party from school systems were vicious and mindless reactionaries.

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One of the many palpable difficulties in such a position is that the existence of Communist party teachers, and indeed in some institutions, of cells of such teachers, was easy to demonstrate. At this point the retort usually comes—what of it? The Communist party was a legal party like the Democratic, Republican, and Socialist parties. To which the crucial answer is that with respect to the canons of professional ethics, the Communist party was decidedly *not* like the Democratic, Republican, and Socialist parties. The latter did not issue instructions to members to behave in ways that were utterly incompatible with the ethics of teaching and inquiry. For example, the official organ of the Communist party, the *Communist*, May 1937, instructs members of the Communist party who are teachers, among other things, to proceed as follows:

> Party and YCL [Young Communist League] fractions set up within classes and departments must supplement and combat by means of discussions, brochures, etc. bourgeois omissions and distortions in the regular curriculum . . . *Marxist-Leninist analysis must be injected into every class. . . . Communist teachers must take advantage of their positions, without exposing themselves*, to give their students to the best of their ability working-class [i.e., Communist] education.
>
> Only when teachers have really mastered Marxist-Leninism will they be able skillfully to inject it into their teaching *at the least risk of exposure* and at the same time conduct struggles around the school in a truly Bolshevik manner [italics supplied].

It apparently is hard for some individuals to understand that the cardinal charge of unprofessional conduct against members of the Communist party was not their Communist ideas or faith, not even their membership in a Communist party (for *some* Communist parties, like the Socialist Workers party, did *not* instruct their teacher members to act in this way), but the specific directives to violate the fundamental rules of professional ethics.

Another palpable difficulty in the current view that the movement to initiate a witchhunt among teachers was led by the contemporary embodiments of Cotton Mather was the character, views, and lifelong attachment to liberal causes of some of the most eloquent spokesmen who defended the policy to bar *current* and *active* members of the Communist party on the grounds of academic freedom. Among them were Norman Thomas, Elmer Davis, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (for elementary and secondary schools), and John B. Oakes, the editor of the editorial page of the *New York Times*. There were very many others. Unfortunately, it is also true that the same position was taken by some notorious illiberals and obscurantists on grounds that were irrelevant and impertinent to the issues of professional ethics. To this very day, those who defend the rights of members of the Communist party to teach usually address themselves to the invalid and untenable arguments of the illiberals but ignore almost completely the position of Norman Thomas and others like him.

The third, and for present purposes, sufficient piece of evidence that the legend of a Communist witchhunt is a myth, is the fact that the pedagogical credo of The New School for Social Research, whose graduate faculty was largely made up of scholars purged by totalitarian regimes, expressed the rationale of a principled position with respect to those who were under instructions to violate the canons of scholarship. Its programmatic declaration, first adopted by the Graduate Faculty, and then by the general faculty, spelled out the liberal premises from which it reached conclusions bearing on the key issue:

> The New School knows that no man can teach well, nor should he be permitted to

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teach at all, unless he is prepared "to follow the truth of scholarship wherever it may lead." No inquiry is ever made as to whether a lecturer's private views are conservative, liberal or radical; orthodox or agnostic; views of the aristocrat or commoner. Jealously safeguarding this precious principle, the New School strictly affirms that a member of any political party or group which asserts the right to dictate in matters of science or scientific opinion is not free to teach the truth and thereby is disqualified as a teacher.

Only ignorance or a stubborn refusal to face the facts can deny that the Communist party in the U.S. dictated what positions its members were to take on any issue in any field in which the Communist party or the Kremlin, i.e., the Russian Communist party, which controlled its leadership, had taken an official position. A close study of the public positions (and changes in those positions) taken by individual teachers publicly identified with the Communist party from the early thirties to the death of Stalin, shows not a single instance of criticism of a Communist party position that was not met with some kind of disciplinary action, usually expulsion.

The issue of how individuals committed to uphold academic freedom should be treated by their peers if they are engaged in practices designed to destroy academic freedom is part of a much larger problem. This larger problem is how a democratic community, pledged to uphold the Bill of Rights, should treat those citizens who invoke the protection of the Bill of Rights to agitate for a dictatorship that would destroy the Bill of Rights for all except those who would support such a dictatorship. Although the problems are related, they are not identical. With respect to the larger problem, the principled democratic or open society tolerates even those who are opposed to such a society, who even agitate against it, provided that they do not conduct *activities* outside the rules of the game, i.e., do not engage in conspiratorial activities, organize underground groups, sometimes even paramilitary groups, or engage in other actions that constitute *a clear and present danger* to the safety of the democratic republic. The failure of the democratic Weimar Republic of Germany to realize that tolerance does not extend to those who are *actively* intolerant contributed to its downfall.

It apparently is hard for some individuals to understand that the cardinal charge of unprofessional conduct against members of the Communist party was not their Communist ideas or faith, but the specific directives to violate the fundamental rules of professional ethics.

Of course, the kind of activities that members of the Communist party cells engaged in on campuses were not conspiratorial in the sense described above. They were unprofessional, like the *anonymous* publication of literature denouncing by name their colleagues, of whose politics they disapproved, as plagiarists, thieves, embezzlers, police spies and informers, anti-Semites, or guilty of other scurrilous and libelous charges. Copies of these publications were put in the hands of teachers and students. In addition, members of the Communist party often recruited for the Y.C.L. among their students, sought to increase the number of politically like-minded persons in their departments, and carried on incessant campaigns of defamation against any critics of the Communist party, taking pains to conceal what they were doing.

It does not require much imagination to put oneself in the place of someone who has been victimized by these systematic campaigns of defamation and character assassination.

The specific problem of what to do with teachers who violate professional ethics and seek to destroy academic freedom is primarily a moral one. During the period we are discussing, members of the Communist party were pledged to bring about a state of society and education in which academic freedom would not exist. Those were the days when, in every Communist nation, teachers whose thought and intellectual expression were of a dissenting character were not only being dismissed but jailed, herded into concentration camps, and sometimes executed.

What was the punishment some of the members of the Communist party actually endured in the few cases where their membership was deemed to unfit them to pursue honest inquiry and teaching? They were not imprisoned or deprived of their freedom. They were not precipitously fired without due process, deprived of their housing, and barred from any other productive activity. In fact, most members of the Communist party who were dismissed from their posts soon earned as much or more money as lay psychologists, analysts, literary and technical advisors. That some individuals, who were not members of the Communist party, were dismissed for refusing to answer questions about whether they were members or not, is probably true. But this raises a different kind of problem, and I am concerned for the moment only with those about whose membership there is no doubt. Concerning them, it seems to me indisputable that they had no moral right to continue in their posts in any institution where evidence existed that organized Communist activities were going on.

Some of the legal issues are complex but they do not go to the heart of the matter. During the Rapp-Coudert Committee's investigation of the New York City College system, members of the Communist party were instructed by Party lawyers to deny outright that they were members. This was because at the time only one person had identified them as members, and it required two witnesses to convict them of perjury. When two witnesses became available, the tactic changed and members of the Communist party were instructed to refuse to answer questions about their membership on grounds of possible self-incrimination. Later on, several individuals contended that they had invoked the Fifth Amendment not to conceal their own membership but only to protect others whom they would have had to name had they not invoked the Fifth Amendment. This in effect was tantamount to admitting that the Fifth Amendment was being illegitimately invoked, since it does not give the individual the right to refuse answering questions that would incriminate others. A systematic campaign has succeeded in confusing a large section of the public. Some members of the Communist party have claimed and been given credit for great heroism in refusing to answer questions about their membership in the Communist party *only* because they wished to protect others. Lillian Hellman, for example. But there was absolutely nothing heroic in invoking the Fifth Amendment on her part or on the part of anyone else. She could have answered the question truthfully about herself and then refused to answer questions about others.

The autobiographical relevance of this essay is to state the actual position I took on the issue of present and active members of the Communist party in our schools. My position has consistently been misstated, defamed, and denounced, not only by Communists but by unscholarly and unscrupulous persons courting popularity for their great liberalism during the troubled years when the presence of Communist party teachers in colleges was a public issue—years in which they said nothing at all or ran with the hares and hunted with the hounds. Thus Alfred Kazin as late as 1981 charged that I urged that "presumed [sic!] Communists" be dismissed from the school system.[1]

The truth about my position is simple to find and has been developed at length in my *Heresy, Yes, Conspiracy, No* and other publications in which I have defended the right of teachers and scholars to hold any views on the basis of their inquiries, *including* Communism and Fascism. I have always opposed federal or state investigations of teachers and teaching in our academic institutions, including loyalty oaths. I opposed the Fineberg Law of the state of New York which made vague and potentially misleading criteria of mere

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political association relevant in determining academic fitness. I have consistently argued that the faculties themselves must uphold the standards of professional ethics, and only under the rules of due process move against those who violate them. I have refused to appear before any Congressional Committees investigating Communists from the outset and vigorously criticized the exaggerated and irresponsible claims and behavior of Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Even though I believed that membership in the Communist party rendered an individual unfit, because of his violation of professional ethics, to be a member of the teaching staff, I did *not* believe that the mere fact of membership should result in automatic dismissal. Faculty Committees on Professional Ethics should not undertake any investigations except in the face of evidence of Communist party cell activities, such as anonymous publications of the cell, flyers and other forms of activity for which the Communist party took responsibility that had an adverse bearing on the freedom to teach or learn. Once identified, a member of the Communist party should be confronted with the evidence of Communist activity, including the instructions referred to above, and given an opportunity to repudiate them or to convince the Faculty Committee that his research and teaching did not conform to Communist party directives. The burden of proof would rest with him.

Although during the last fifty years I have maintained that the enforcement of the academic ethic must rest with the faculties themselves, I have been saddened to observe a reluctance upon the part of faculties to correct abuses of the academic ethic, and to take any disciplinary measures against individuals who have clearly violated the responsibilities of honest teaching that are correlative with its rights. There seems to be a complete indifference to the behavior of teachers who use their classes as a bully pulpit for the propagation of political and other ideas that have no relation to the subject matter of their course, or whose one-sided, extremely partisan commitments to controversial issues is reflected in biased reading lists and unscholarly assignments.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that once a teacher has acquired permanent tenure, "anything goes" in the classroom. Sometimes blatant violations of the academic ethic have provoked a public outcry that has led to ill-considered demands for legislative intervention or to proposals to set up extra-academic bodies to monitor what is being taught in the classroom, and to report alleged distortions of the truth to some presumably objective body that knows the truth. If implemented this last suggestion would be a crasser violation of academic freedom than the abuses it would remedy. It would make easier the unscholarly activity of those who are now draped in the mantle of defenders of academic freedom to continue to subordinate the genuine teaching process to "the cause" of the moment.

The Fifth Amendment does not give the individual the right to refuse answering questions that would incriminate others.

What, then, can be done to restore the university to practicing allegiance to the ideals of the academic ethic traditionally associated with the mission of the university to the pursuit of objective truth? Granted that in the past it always fell short of these ideals, and that since human beings are weak and fallible it always will do so to some degree. But surely there is a profound difference between the consequences of trying to live up to these ideals and the consequences of indifference and repudiation of them. And although it may surprise some to learn of it, there are those who assert that the concept of objective truth is vacuous, and that what passes for the quest for truth is merely a disguise for the quest of power.

It seems that the best hope for a change in the climate of university opinion is for the senior scholars with recognized intellectual authority to agitate for the observance of the highest standards of scholarship in bestowing the grant of permanent tenure on candidates. By and large the failure to live up to the academic ethic is observable among those whose primary allegiance is not to the subject matter they teach but to something extrinsic to it.

But to return to the record. On November 10, 1982, I received a letter from Irving Howe congratulating me on my 80th birthday, acknowledging that despite his disagreements, "I've learned from you," and expressing pleasure at having been my "near contemporary and almost-friend." Shortly before or after, he published his autobiography, *Margin of Hope*, which I read later out of natural curiosity to discover what my "almost-friend" had learned from me. To my astonishment, I found that it was not only replete with bare-faced inventions about his past, like the claim that he and his group had given "critical support of the war [against Hitler and Fascism] though we didn't make this explicit,"[2] but was full of serious misstatements, distortions, and outright inventions about my views! This is not the first time I have received kindly personal letters from individuals who have publicly denounced me.

Howe carries on at length about my intolerant attitude toward present and active members of the Communist party, implying that I advocated their automatic and categorical exclusion, and suppressing any mention of the fact I opposed any such policy. Worse still, he charges that I saw "merit" in the Smith Act whose use by the Roosevelt administration against Howe's fellow Trotskyists I attacked. Recognizing the unlikelihood and unwisdom of its repeal, I urged its explicit amendment to bring it in line with "the clear and present danger" criterion of Justices Holmes and Brandeis that would prevent its potential abuses. I am also criticized for not being sufficiently critical of Senator McCarthy despite my call, when McCarthy was riding high, for the organization of a national movement to retire him from national life.

The book contains unmeasured expressions of contempt for Social Democrats, especially right-wing Social Democrats, whose views Howe ends up embracing in a watered-down form. I found particularly offensive his running glorification of that remarkable man, Norman Thomas, "for whose life's work one felt so grateful." In an aside, he deplores the lapse of this great man who became one of the leaders of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom. What he is silent about is that during his entire political career as a Trotskyist, which lasted many years, Howe's Trotskyists made Norman Thomas their favorite target for ridicule and denunciation. Howe's effort to identify himself now with Thomas is a political obscenity.

There are some kindly references to me and my wife in Howe's book which it would be churlish of me not to acknowledge—if they were true. But he must have dreamed them up or confused us with other kind souls. He has my wife pursuing him with chicken soup at Stanford when he was teaching there, out of concern for his health, and my genuine and persistent solicitation as to whether he "was eating enough," which led him to forgive me for calling him "Oiving"—presumably the way a native from Brooklyn pronounces his name. The dates of my stay at the Center for the Advanced Study of the Behavioral Sciences and his spell of teaching at Stanford do not match. I have a dim memory of having met him once during a flying trip in the

[1]When challenged to justify this absurd attribution, Mr. Kazin referred to an article published in the *Saturday Review* of April 18, 1953. The article "Can We Trust Our Teachers?" which I answered emphatically in the affirmative, contains no such expression or anything resembling it. The truth of the matter, which throws some light on Mr. Kazin's scholarship and intellectual responsibility, is that he picked the phrase up from an article by Morris Dickstein, published in *Partisan Review* in 1974. Mr. Dickstein, attacking cold war liberals like myself during the fifties for, among other crimes, impugning the innocence of Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs, charges me with urging that "presumed Communists" be dismissed from schools. No other writer, even out-and-out Stalinists, has ever taxed me with holding such an absurd position.

[2]See Arnold Beichman's review essay, "A Refined Irving Howe," *The American Spectator*, February 1983.

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early sixties to give a lecture at Stanford. But his memory of my alleged avuncular friendliness to him could not be accurate because of my fierce and long held resentment of an incident he does not report in his book.

The incident refers to an episode in 1948 at the 10th International Congress of Philosophy. I found myself practically isolated and alone, unable to persuade the delegates at the executive session of the Congress to endorse a resolution I introduced in behalf of freedom of philosophical inquiry in all the national affiliates of the Congress, present and future. This was rejected as an anti-Communist provocation on my part by most of the participants, fearful (the Berlin blockade was on) that the Red army might be rolling over Western Europe. To my surprise and delight, the most impassioned supporter of my resolution was Father J. M. Bochenski, a Dominican priest and logician, the most distinguished of a small group of Catholic clerics present.

I reported this in my account of the Congress in *Partisan Review*. Whereupon Irving Howe, hiding behind his party pseudonym, attacked me in the official Trotskyist organ for selling out to the Catholic Church and predicted that I would soon become a member, thereby confirming a prophecy he had heard Max Shachtman make. I suppose I should have been amused. But those were the days when I was perhaps the most vitriolic critic of the Catholic Church in America, for whom the American public schools were public enemy number one, and John Dewey public enemy number two. My fury with Howe was so strong that in perspective it seems excessive. But it was there. It was exacerbated by the anonymity of his charge. I notified the editors of *Commentary* and *Partisan Review* that I could no longer contribute to them if Howe appeared in their pages. They must have communicated that to him because I soon got a letter from Howe protesting my effort to deprive him of a living. We exchanged some heated letters, in one of which he admitted that he had been unnecessarily nasty. But my resentment lingered for a long time. That is why I am morally certain that it was not I who was so lovingly concerned over whether "Oiving" was eating enough at Stanford!

There is a certain irony in the situation, however, for Howe has been able to persuade some other recent young historians that his version of the forties and fifties, despite his selective reordering of events, is the true one, that *he* was the true embodiment of intellectual independence, and that cold warriors like me had become merely poet laureates of American imperialism. Of course our views have changed about many things in the struggle to defend the free world, but Howe's views have limped after ours in the same general direction. All of us today are more or less partisans of the welfare state but only Howe (and Michael Harrington, too) is free of any sense of disquiet, not to say guilt, in adhering to views that would have spelled the end of the free society of the West.

I shall mention only two instances of the success of Howe's misconstructions of the past on the new cultural historians. The first is Alexander Bloom's *Prodigal Sons* published in April of this year,[3] late enough for him to have read and ignored Howe's *Margin of Hope* in which Howe lies about his position with respect to the war against Hitler. Bloom's book is marked by three major features aside from a legion of minor errors, like his assumption that the pre-World War I slum environment in which I grew up was essentially similar to that of the others he wrote about, most of whom were of a later generation. The first feature is a failure to offer any analysis about the major issues about which we polemicized. He refers to them, describes the contestants, but refrains from assessing the meaning and consequences of their position on the issue at stake. He is like a military historian enumerating the generals on both sides of a famous battle but who doesn't tell us what the battle is about. All we know is that General Howe is his favorite general. Second, whereas the many protagonists in the book are often quoted at length, my views are characterized only with snippets of reference, at most a sentence or two. Curiously enough, I find this to be true in most critical references to my reprehensible views. I have written voluminously enough to be hanged by my paragraphs. But rarely am I quoted fairly and at length—so that the reader can see the full rope of my infamy. The third feature of Mr. Bloom's book is that he is openly and fearlessly on the side of Howe and *Dissent*, the quarterly edited by Howe. (Of course, Bloom never made that clear in the one or two interviews I gave him, and telephone calls of inquiry he made in which he was so ingratiatingly flattering that I should have been suspicious.)

I have written voluminously enough to be hanged by my paragraphs. But rarely am I quoted fairly and at length—so that the reader can see the full rope of my infamy.

Bloom, of course, has every right to his prejudices. But what was it that appealed to him about *Dissent*, which was founded in 1954, long after most of our battles were over? The opening editorial of *Dissent* expresses it: it was against conformism, against apologists for the status quo, and against "the assumption that a new war is necessary or inevitable." And who was for conformism, for the repressions of the status quo, and believed that "a new war is necessary or inevitable"? Why, Sidney Hook, Norman Thomas, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and the other leading members of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom!

Poor benighted Mr. Bloom. He is apparently unaware that among other things, members of the ACCF believed that a war with the Soviet Union was neither necessary *nor* inevitable, that we were always quoting Churchill's contention that World War II was an unnecessary war brought on by a failure to understand the nature of Hitlerism and the consequences of appeasement, and that we were strong adherents of George Kennan's and Harry Truman's policy of containment.

Howe has scored an even more significant triumph in winning to his point of view a book that was published a year earlier than Bloom's. This was Richard H. Pell's *The Liberal Mind in a Conservative Age: American Intellectuals in the 1940s and 1950s*. If Bloom's book in the light of the evidence must be considered naive and politically ignorant, Pell's book can only be characterized as vicious. According to him, "McCarthyism found its chief inspiration in the ideology of the cold war—an ideology that was constructed . . . by liberal politicians and anti-Stalinist intellectuals who were responding to what *they* regarded as a genuine threat from the Soviet Union" (my italics). That threat according to Pell was non-existent. In other words, Harry Truman and his administration and Sidney Hook and his various committees created the cold war which McCarthy, whom both Truman and Hook hypocritically denounced, exploited for his demagogical purposes. The behavior of the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe, in Czechoslovakia, in Berlin, had nothing to do with it. The revelations of Gouzenko about the Kremlin's penetration of the U.S. and Canadian regimes had nothing to do with it, nor the conviction of Hiss, the Rosenbergs, Judith Coplon, Remington, and almost a score of others, not to mention Chambers's exposure of the members of his ring—only one of many—all of which preceded McCarthy's election to the Senate with the help of the Communist party (which was intent upon defeating McCarthy's rival, the anti-Communist Bob La Follette). All of this presumably had nothing to do with the cold war! Compared with this egregious lack of objective scholarship, Pell's false and misleading attribution of quotations in some of his references to me is relatively unimportant. I dare say that even Irving Howe will find Mr. Pell's embrace somewhat embarrassing. □

[3] *Prodigal Sons: The New York Intellectuals and Their World*. Oxford University Press, $24.95.

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KEMP-BRADLEY-PACKWOOD

by Gregory A. Fossedal

There's a dirty secret about the popular tax reform shaped by Senate Finance Chairman Bob Packwood of Oregon. The bill, now breezing through the Senate, was actually produced by John Mueller—a top aide to Congressman Jack Kemp of New York.

Not that Mueller actually sat down and drafted the present bill word by word. In fact, as the press has noted incessantly in recent weeks, it was Packwood, with some stimulus from Democrat Bill Bradley of New Jersey, who drew up the scheme that is winning raves from both Democrats and Republicans.

Bradley and Packwood deserve major credit for devising and releasing a bold alternative after tax reform degenerated into a hopeless mess in the Senate. Yet, as the accompanying chart shows, the now-popular approach taken by Packwood already existed—in a bill drawn up by Mueller for Kemp back in 1984. To the extent reform is now back on track, it's because Packwood and Bradley drew up a bill closely resembling Kemp's original plan. The result is a Kemp-Bradley-Packwood tax reform that Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole says may reach the President's desk by Labor Day.

So how is it that Kemp's name seems to go virtually unmentioned in major press accounts of the tax reform turnaround? The *Wall Street Journal* recently ran a huge feature outlining Bradley's impact on tax reform. The piece reduced Kemp to a mere footnote.

In part, such stories reflect the intellectual stubbornness of places like the *Journal*'s Washington bureau that for years regarded tax cuts with scorn. The *Journal* news section was writing as recently as a few months ago that tax reform was dead, floundering due to a lack of voter interest.

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It's also true, though, that Kemp has done little, at least in recent months, to lobby for his own ideas in Congress. "Jack would just polarize things if he got too involved," says a longtime adviser. "It would make it hard for people like Bush, Dole, and all the Democrats to save face."

Thus Kemp, wisely or no, has kept a deliberately low profile. "We've got Ralph Nader, the *New Republic*, and the *New York Times* editorial page running around promoting the end of the progressive tax system," says Jeff Bell, another member of the Kemp braintrust who first introduced Bradley to tax-cut economics in their 1978 Senate race. "Jack is smart to let them have the limelight."

Of course, there's more to the story than Kemp's generosity. Kemp made some unfortunate decisions in 1985 that made his commitment to tax reform appear doubtful. He supported the first Treasury bill's retention of various oil and gas loopholes; these can be debated on economic merits, but politically, giving in to the oil lobby was bad symbolism. Kemp also came out in flat opposition to the second Treasury bill—rather than taking Bradley's wiser stance that the proposal needed fixing but was a step in the right direction.

Kemp never seemed to make up his mind what price, in terms of closed loopholes and higher taxes on business, he was willing to pay to buy lower personal tax rates. In this he mirrored the ambivalence of many conservatives. *Human Events*, *National Review*, and the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page didn't decide until late in the game whether they trusted tax reform or not. "Jack was never very enthusiastic about reform," says one close associate. "He had a tough time figuring out whether to stick with it when the Chamber of Commerce crowd came out against the whole approach."

Even in recent months, it's been organs like the *New Republic* and the *New York Times* business section that have been most interested and informed about tax reform. And if Kemp deserves credit for conceptual foresight, so do people like Joseph Pechman at the Brookings Institution—who were talking about reform twenty years ago. "Bill Bradley did it on his own," Bell said. "He came at this from a liberal angle, briefed himself, and put together a proposal." It just so happens that on tax reform, the ideas of people like Bradley and Kemp now intersect. "Bradley's gotten more notice in the press," says Joni Sarles, an aide to Packwood. "He had the most impact. But it's true our bill is very similar to Kemp-Kasten. Heck, Kemp-Kasten is very similar to Bradley-Gephardt."

In fact, pro-reform lobbyists say perhaps the major obstacle left will be to change the Kemp-Bradley-Packwood bill sufficiently, in a coming House-Senate conference, so that Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, the Illinois Democrat who shaped the House reform bill, can pretend he made some contribution to the process. Rosty's bill, like the early Packwood proposals, closely resembled the Bradley bill of 1983 and the Treasury Department's plan of 1985, leaving many loopholes intact and keeping tax rates up at 30 to 35 percent and more.

Once Bradley and Packwood shifted back to the Kemp approach—to their credit—the results were predictable. Lower rates excited tax-cutting Reaganites, while shutting off more loopholes revived the interest of fairness-minded Democrats.

So let's have cheers for the three members of Congress most responsible for the coming passage of tax reform. One of them, though, is Jack Kemp. □

The Evolution of Tax Reform: Tax Plans Compared

	Kemp	Bradley	Packwood	Packwood most resembles . . .
Top rate	28%	30%	27%	Kemp
Index tax brackets vs. inflation	yes	no	yes	Kemp
Index tax on capital gains	yes	no	no	Bradley
Home mortgage fully deductible	yes	no	yes	Kemp
Poor tax: income at which family of 4 starts paying income tax	$14,400	$11,600	$13,500	Kemp
Poor tax: estimated tax liability for family of 4 at $14,000	none	$300	none	Kemp
State and local income tax deductible	no	yes	yes	Bradley

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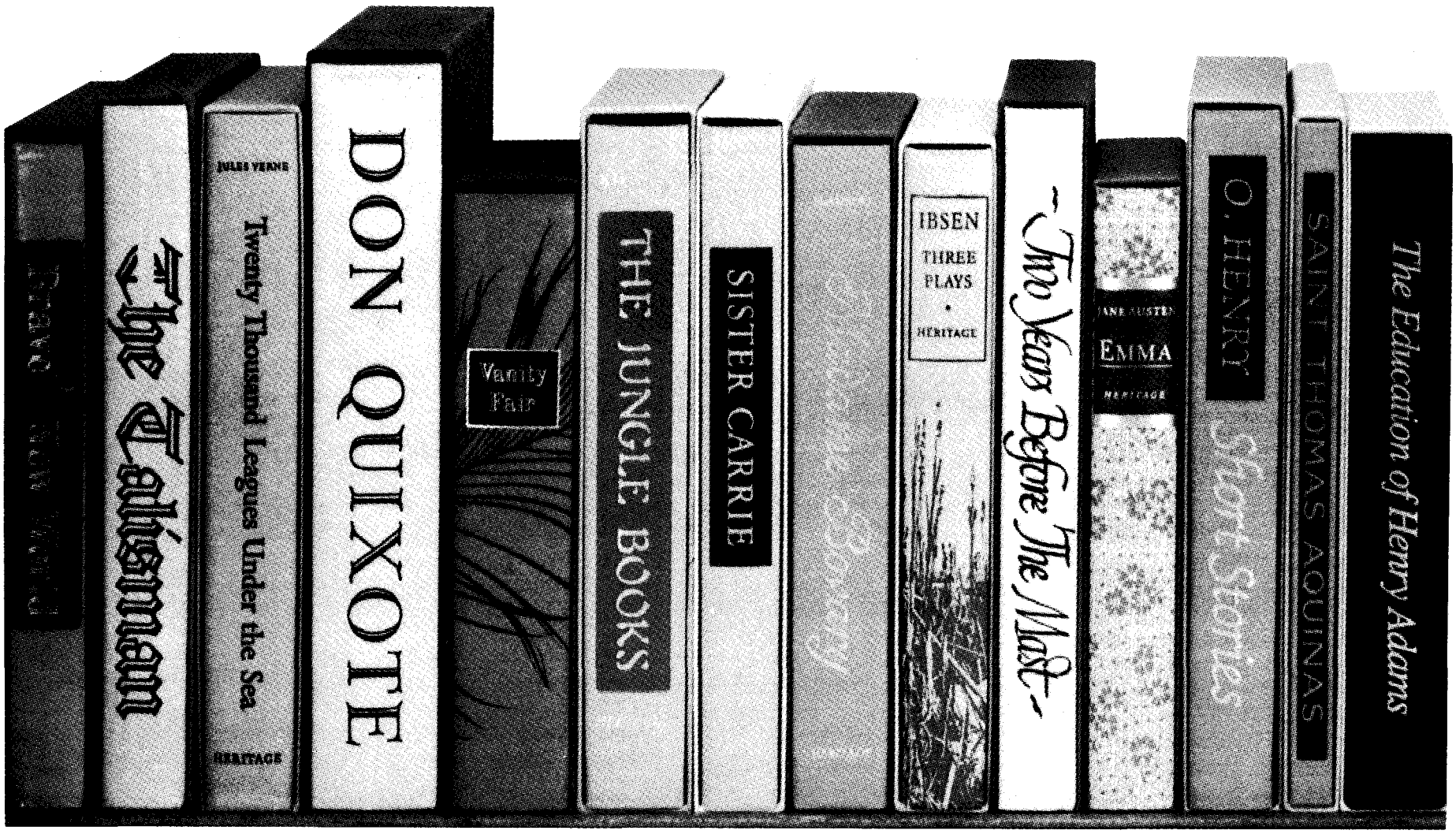

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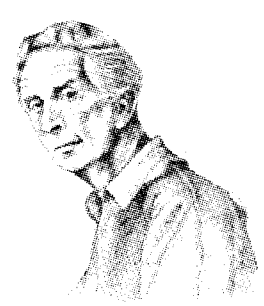

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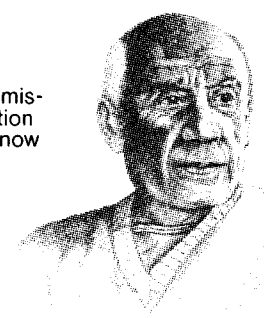

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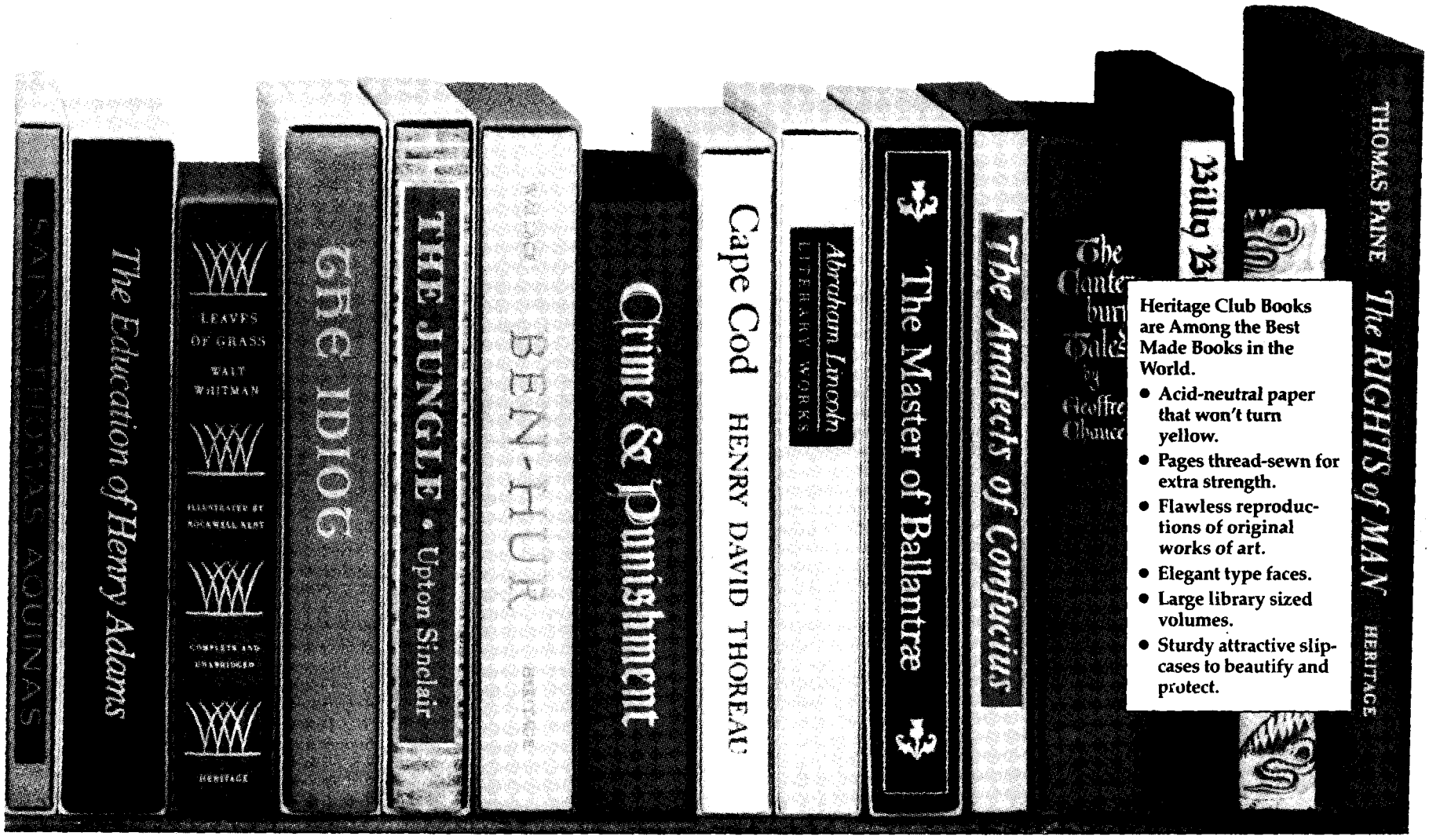

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SHOOTING BLANKS

by Bruce Bawer

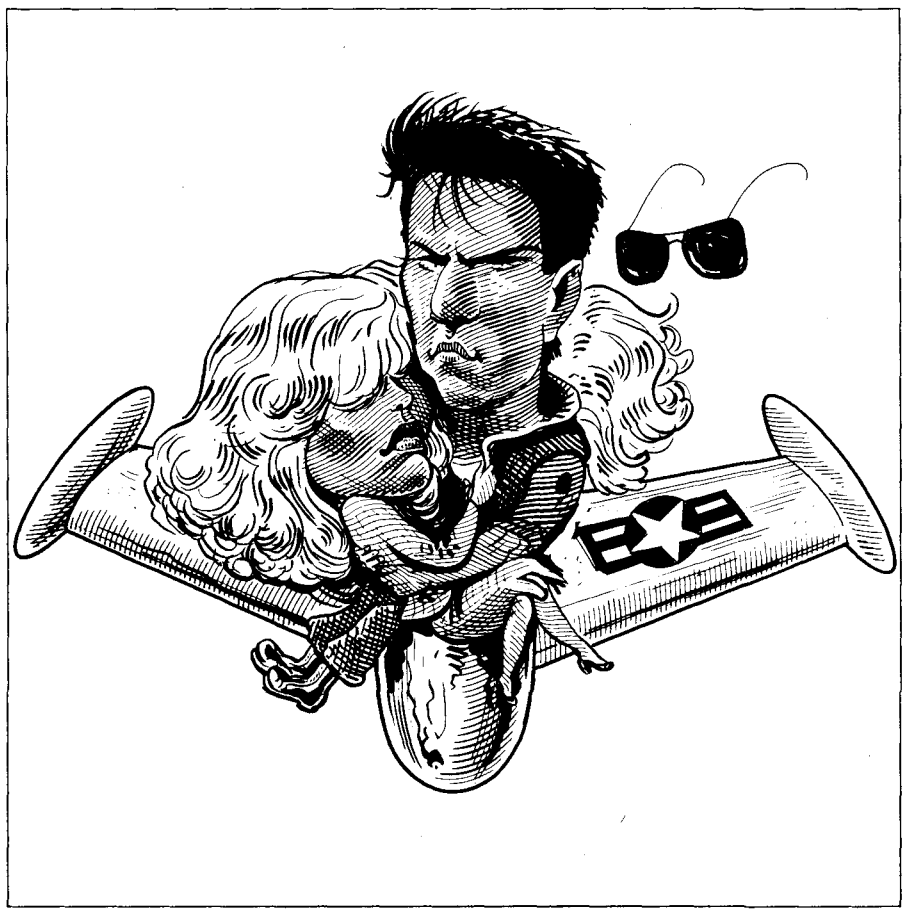
Every so often, while watching the current hit *Top Gun*, I found myself fondly remembering *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Now, as movies about the military go, *Officer and a Gentleman* was no *Grand Illusion*, but it accomplished quite well what it set out to do. You believed in Richard Gere's motivation for entering Officer Training School (he wanted, you'll remember, to be a finer specimen of a man than his dissolute father), in the depth of his friendship with his best buddy, in his love for Debra Winger, and in the relationship—at first hostile, and finally mutually respectful—between Gere and sergeant/father figure Louis Gossett. Of course, the film was a compendium of clichés, but it managed to make them feel fresh. It had sensitivity, humor, and chemistry; at times it even seemed to be earnestly—if not very deeply—engaged with genuine moral questions.

Top Gun covers much the same territory, but with nowhere near as much skill or conviction, and with a thoroughgoing lack of moral sense. Teen heartthrob Tom Cruise plays Lieutenant Pete "Maverick" Mitchell, an ace U.S. Navy pilot who has been sent for a course in Air Combat Maneuvering (ACM) to the Navy's Fighter Weapons School (nicknamed "Top Gun") in Miramar, California (nicknamed "Fightertown, USA"). Only the top one percent of all Navy pilots are sent to the school, and the top pilot in each graduating class, as we learn during the orientation sequence, gets his name added to a rather tacky-looking plaque on the classroom wall. Maverick makes it his goal to get his name on that plaque.

"Maverick" is an appropriate nickname for Pete. He's Movie Hero Cliché #4A—the guy who keeps driving people in charge crazy because he refuses to play by the rules, and who would have been shown the door years ago except for the fact that, damn it, he's the best at what he does; nobody can touch him. And Maverick is (we keep hearing) the best. He flies, as they say, by the seat of his pants. He's all instinct: "You don't have time to think up there," he says, arguing with an instructor at Top Gun. "If you think, you're dead." (Coincidentally, this also seems to be Cruise's theory of acting.)

But he's also an arrogant showoff. He's been busted from the rank of squadron leader three times for his "showboating," of which we get a prime sample during the opening sequence: In the course of maneuvers over the Indian Ocean, Maverick meets a Soviet MIG-28 and pulls a Blue Angels-type stunt, buzzing the Russkie, upside down, at a distance of about two (yes, two) meters, while his backseat partner, "Goose" (Anthony Edwards), takes a Polaroid of the astonished enemy. (Maverick thus becomes the only American pilot ever to engage a MIG.) Later, on their first day at Top Gun, Maverick and Goose buzz the tower, causing an officer to spill coffee on himself (this becomes a running gag); Maverick is reprimanded for breaking "a major rule of engagement" by going below 10,000 feet. "I don't like you because you're dangerous," says his principal competition at Top Gun, the by-the-book Kazansky, nicknamed "Iceman" (Val Kilmer), whose every aeronautical move is a "perfect example of a textbook maneuver."

Maverick, the film is at pains to convince us, is also a wild man in the sack. He's a notorious ladykiller whose past victims (the lovable rogue!) include an admiral's daughter. When, soon after his arrival at Top Gun, he spots a hot-looking chick at a crowded bar, he makes a public spectacle of his interest in her, grabbing a microphone and crooning "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" at her. The hot chick, naturally, turns out to be Charlie (Kelly McGillis), his new civilian instructor who's just arrived from Washington, D.C. She's not in the habit of romancing her students, but Maverick's boisterous charm soon wins her over. It's love.



Or, at least, so we are supposed to believe. But we don't. We don't, in fact, believe in much of anything in this film. We don't believe in the great brotherly affection that is apparently supposed to exist between Maverick and Goose. We don't believe in the tension that is meant to exist between Maverick and Iceman, or in their requisite end-of-movie conciliation, or in the father-and-son-type bond between Maverick and the top instructor at Top Gun (Tom Skerritt) who, we learn, used to fly with Maverick's old man. It's a stunningly inert, uninvolving film—so much so that we don't even feel anything when Goose perishes in a plane accident.

A great part of the problem, naturally, is that the script (by Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr.) is mediocre and the direction (by Tony Scott) superficial. But the weakest link in the chain is without question the vaingloriously vapid Tom Cruise. His performance as Maverick is downright ludicrous. He stalks through the movie with a board up his back and a macho snarl frozen on his face. The point of the snarl, apparently, is to make him look more like a man than a boy, but it backfires: He looks more than ever like an adolescent playing a grownup in a junior high school show—an adolescent, I might add, who has absolutely no star quality, no charisma, no presence whatsoever, but whose every move demonstrates that he himself believes quite the opposite to be the case.

Nor, alas, is he a very convincing ladykiller. Here's the funniest line in the movie—it's Charlie speaking solemnly to Maverick after Goose's death has shattered his self-confidence (a development which we have to take entirely on faith, because Maverick's snarl doesn't waver): "When I first met you, you were larger than life." And she's serious! Likewise, just before they get

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Bruce Bawer writes for the New Criterion, *the* Wall Street Journal, *the* Washington Times, *and other publications.*

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down to business in the obligatory coition sequence (performed to the hard-driving rhythms of Harold Faltermeyer's banal score), she purrs, "Maverick, you big stud," and it's unclear whether the line is supposed to be a joke, and, if so, whether anybody connected with the film realizes just how big a joke it is.

What is clear, however, is that this is meant to be an intensely sensuous film. We're supposed to be stirred by both the sex and the Air Combat Maneuvering; predictably, the script keeps drawing parallels between the two. When Maverick and Goose walk into a bar full of women, for instance, Maverick says, "This is what I call a target-rich environment"; over drinks, Goose's wife tells Charlie that Maverick once "went ballistic" with a gal named Penny Benjamin; while discussing fighter-plane engagement Maverick shoots Charlie a significant glance and tells her, "When I see something I want, I go after it." The film pointedly cuts from an intimate encounter between Maverick and Charlie to an F-14 take-off. "This gives me a hard-on," says a pilot while viewing training films of F-14s in action, and the joke resurfaces during the final air-battle sequence, when some F-14 pilots over the Indian Ocean, Maverick among them, are keeping an eye out for Russian MIGs: "Must be close," says a pilot, "I'm getting a hard-on."

The implicit message throughout appears to be that cruising chicks is more or less like going on a search-and-destroy mission and that war is sexy—that gunning for MIGs, to put it baldly, is a thrilling and manly way of sublimating homoerotic drives. If we take this to be the film's underlying "logic," it may well help to explain why Scott shows us relatively little of McGillis's body while, during a number of seemingly gratuitous locker-room and volleyball-game sequences, he unstintingly exposes the rippling flesh of Cruise and his fellow pilots (several of whom seem, *à la* Stallone, to have undergone extensive muscle-building workouts in preparation for the film). Patently, this is a film that does not shrink from attempting to exploit the most ignorant, infantile, and ignoble attitudes toward both personal and international relations. Yet it is outrageously unsuccessful even at achieving this unworthy objective: for all the fierce fondling and the fancy flying, it is one of the most remarkably dull movies in recent memory.

And one of the most formulaic, too. Like many recent service pictures, *Top Gun* trades on the typical adolescent male moviegoer's conflicting feelings about his father. In *An Officer and a Gentleman* Richard Gere strove to prove himself a better man than his dad; in a film (which I haven't seen) released earlier this year the boy hero stole an Air Force jet and flew to his father's rescue. In *Top Gun* we are told that Maverick is the son of the late Duke Mitchell, a top-notch seat-of-his-pants Navy pilot who mysteriously disappeared in an F-4 in Nam in 1965. The legend (which Maverick refuses to accept but can't disprove because the relevant documents are classified by the Pentagon) is that Duke Mitchell "screwed up" somehow; because he "screwed up," we are to believe, Maverick was unable to get into the Naval Academy. This, the film suggests, is why Maverick is so driven, so cocky, and so damn good. He's out (a) to erase the blot on the family escutcheon, and (b) to be an even better pilot than his dad. "It's like every time we go up there you're flying against a ghost," Goose says to him. This conflict is resolved so clumsily and half-heartedly that you get the feeling even Cash and Epps couldn't get themselves to take it seriously.

What *Top Gun* does take altogether too seriously, however, is the increasingly familiar Hollywood philosophy (nowadays often equated, in filmland, with the American dream) that if you ain't the best, you ain't nothing. Every few minutes somebody or other in this movie speaks of belonging to "the elite" or being "the best of the best" or observes that "There are no points for second place" or that (and here's the moral of the whole shebang) "To be the best of the best you've got to make mistakes and then go on." In the end, of course, Maverick gets a chance to regain the self-confidence he lost after Goose's death. At his class's graduation exercises, news comes of a "crisis situation" in the Indian Ocean: A disabled U.S. Navy ship has drifted into enemy waters (for the purposes of this movie, the less geography you know, the better) and some F-14s are needed to provide air cover while the ship is rescued. Naturally, both Maverick and Iceman are called into action, and when they come up against a couple of Soviet MIGs it is Maverick who mows them down handily, thus proving the superiority of his "instinctive" fighter piloting to Iceman's by-the-book approach. Why this episode doesn't escalate into World War III is anybody's guess.

Given this state of affairs, it is almost a shame that *Top Gun* is so well photographed. The cinematographer, Jeffrey Kimball, has done a masterly job, especially with the breathtaking aerial sequences. But though the film is crowded with lovely light, fog, smoke, and cloud effects, and features a number of arrestingly photographed surfaces, the exquisite camerawork only serves to point up the fact that there's nothing beneath those surfaces. This is, indeed, a "designer film" in the tradition of *Flashdance*; it's a movie in which the magnificently lit and shot beads of water, for example, on the just-showered faces and shoulders of Maverick and his cohorts leave a more lasting impression than their dialogue or the expressions on their faces. And this, ultimately, is the most disturbing thing about *Top Gun*—that such deliberate mindlessness, such calculated vacuity, is brought to bear upon a theme whose implications are of the most solemn consequence. This film lionizes ignorance, venerates immaturity, reveres raw, primitive instinct; it strives aggressively—and, alas, manages completely—not to contradict a single inane illusion of the type cherished by the most horrible sort of teenage boy. Certainly the good old USA deserves better. □

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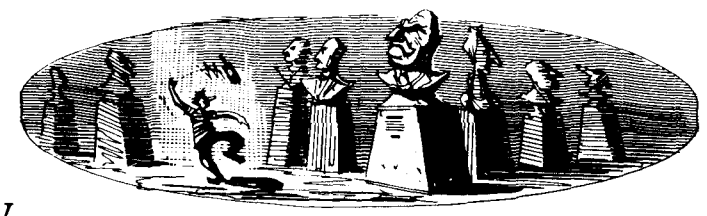

OUR MAN IN MOSCOW

by Michael Ledeen

I don't know how much we're paying Mikhail Gorbachev to act as an American agent in the Kremlin, but he's worth every ruble he gets from the CIA. This previously well-kept secret was blown over the course of the past couple of months, for "Iron Mike's" behavior can only be explained if he is an American agent: at each crucial moment for Ronald Reagan, the Soviet Union provided him maximum assistance.

First came the Philippine elections; the United States had clearly become identified with the hated Marcos regime, and many of the Aquino people seemed to be flirting with the Communists. So we were worried about the consequences of an open American-break with Marcos. How could we feel confident that Aquino wouldn't be tempted to play footsie with the charming and debonair comrade Gorbachev?

The problem was solved by William Casey, the Director of Central Intelligence, who gave instructions that Gorbachev embrace Marcos right after the elections. When these instructions arrived, Gorbachev was furious. "What!" he exclaimed. "They want me to be the only world leader to hail the election of that dying old crook?"

"Why not?" he was told by the deep-cover CIA case officer in .Moscow. "After all, you hailed the elections of Andropov and Chernenko, and they certainly fit that description. And you weren't paid nearly so well for those endorsements as you will be for this one."

And so it was done, thus making it possible for the United States to ditch Marcos, knowing that Aquino couldn't possibly turn to the only major figure in the world who had acclaimed the fraudulent election of her arch-enemy.

Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies.

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Then came the Libyan crisis, when Reagan hoped against hope that Qaddafi would attack the Sixth Fleet in the Gulf of Sidra. The odds were poor, to be sure, because once the Libyan dictator realized that any and all planes he sent against American forces would be shot down, he had restricted himself to vocal outbursts. Moreover, the Soviet and East German advisers in Tripoli had sternly warned Qaddafi about handing Reagan a great public-relations triumph at the expense of their North African client.

Once again, the secret CIA channel was activated, and Gorbachev was told that the Libyans had to attack the Fleet. "This is too much!" he roared. "It took years for us to recover from the humiliating destruction of our missiles, tanks, and airplanes in Lebanon; you can't expect me to explain this sort of thing to my generals and admirals. Do you want me purged? This is no way to treat the best friend you've ever had in the Kremlin."

"Listen, calm down," he was told. "We're not going to do anything dramatic to the Libyans, just a very limited reaction against Libyan targets. We won't even do serious bombing of your SAM-5 missile batteries; they'll be operational again in a couple of days. No terrorist camps will be hit, no major military facility will be targeted. But the President has to do *something* against a terrorist leader, and you know how bad it would be if we had to attack your friend Assad . . ."

Again, Gorbachev carried out his instructions. Then, a few weeks later, when Reagan decided that the limited strike against Qaddafi had not been tough enough, Gorbachev was called again, this time to tell him to cooperate with the plan to have Libyans bomb a West German nightclub. "Oh, no," he pleaded, "I know what you've got up your sleeve this time."

"Don't worry so much," the answer came back. "It's not like Grenada, where you had extended the Brezhnev Doctrine; you don't even have a mutual defense pact with the Libyans. In the long run, this is good for you. Qaddafi has given terrorism a bad name, he's running out of money, and you can take the occasion to denounce us for rampant militarism."

"You've got a point," Gorbachev pondered, "but I still need some further cover. . . . I don't suppose you could arrange for one small bomb to land on the French embassy? That might give me some help with these anti-Communist Chirac people in Paris."

Two hours later the deal was struck, and Gorbachev instructed his KGB *residentura* in East Berlin to manage the terrorist operation.

But the greatest result of the CIA's recruitment of the Soviet dictator surely came with the Sandinista invasion of Honduras, which was ordered by Casey the day after the House of Representatives denied Reagan the $100 million he had requested for the contras. This time Gorbachev dug in his hobnails: "It was bad enough when we were routed in Grenada, but at least that was my predecessors' problem, not mine. How can I explain such a crazy move to my own people?"

"Why don't you tell them that the American Congress won't even care, and that this will be a major step toward an American defeat in Central America?"

Gorbachev thought about it for a moment, and replied, "It might work with the generals, but the guys who know about the United States will never believe it."

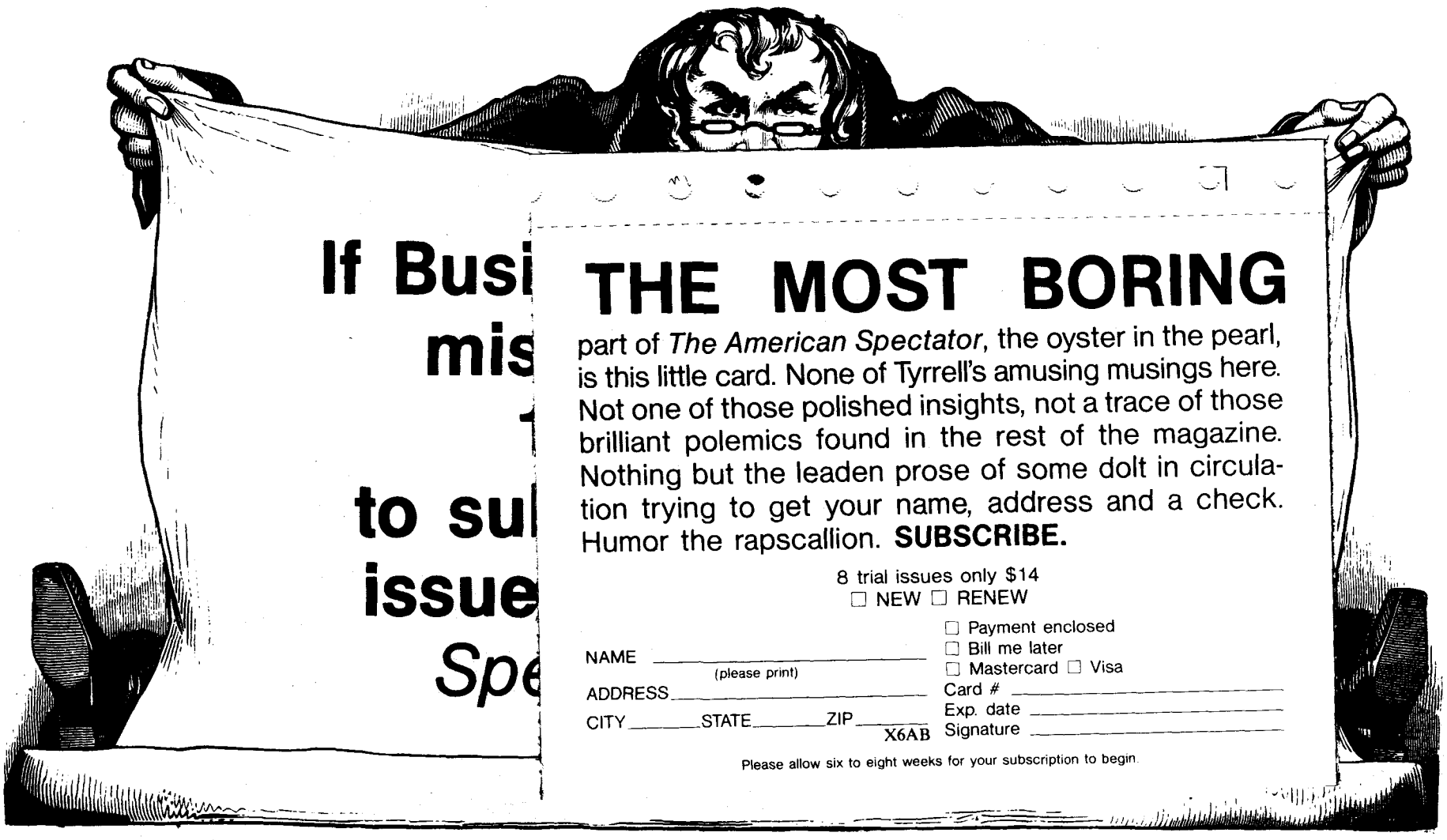
"In that case, you'd better get Dobrynin out of Washington, so that he can't report the real reaction. And we'll give you something in return: the President has agreed to let you launch a new peace offensive on nuclear testing. And we'll renounce our observance of the SALT II treaty. That way you'll have a big PR success in Europe."

"Don't try that one again," Gorbachev moaned. "We've been tricked too many times by you people. The Europeans are unreliable; they take our side for years, as they did on the cruise and Pershing missiles, and then turn around when it comes time to vote on it. Even the Spaniards decided they wanted to be part of NATO."

"I'm sorry," his case officer told him. "That's not our fault; we don't have very good control over the Europeans; as you know, we're not permitted to recruit *their* leaders anymore. But time's up; you have to decide on Central America. Bill Casey has instructed me to tell you that either you authorize a Nicaraguan invasion, or Raisa's American Express card is going to be taken away."

The Sandinista army crossed the Honduran border the next day at dawn.

Casey's handling of Gorbachev was so effective that when, on the verge of the potentially delicate Tokyo Summit, a Soviet nuclear reactor exploded and the Kremlin systematically maximized the damage to their image throughout the Western world, Reagan called Casey in to the Oval Office to congratulate him on what the President believed was the latest masterful CIA stroke. The Director of Central Intelligence permitted himself a rare blush, and replied: "Thanks, Mr. President, but we're not *that* good; they worked this one out all by themselves." □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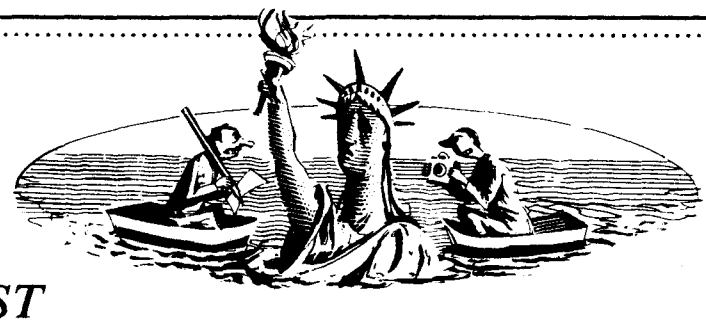

PELTON AND THE *POST*

by Michael Ledeen

The sermon for today deals with the press and national security, a subject that has recently seen a gaggle of top Administration officials and leading media spokesmen weighing in. Messrs. Odom and Casey were concerned that too much information might appear in print and on the air about American electronic intelligence operations. They were specifically concerned about a story that the *Washington Post* had obtained about the Pelton spy case, which apparently detailed the material that Pelton had sold to the Soviet Union, and they warned the press about excessive "speculation" in connection with its coverage of the Pelton trial.

This kicked off the usual mutual recriminations, with the press accusing the government of efforts to censor the news, and the government muttering about the media's insensitivity to national security concerns. The atmosphere had previously been poisoned by NBC's broadcast of an interview with the well-known terrorist and accused murderer, Abu Abbas, the mastermind of the *Achille Lauro* hijacking, during the course of which Mr. Leon Klinghoffer had been killed by Abbas's PLO terrorists. Many people, in and out of government, were angered by NBC's refusal to say where the interview had taken place. Mr. Larry Grossman, the head of NBC News, issued several public statements, defending NBC's protection of Abbas's location (this had evidently been a condition of the interview), and on one occasion remarked that since the journalists had traveled under their own names, the government should have been able to follow them.

The media finally weighed in with their reigning champion, Ben Bradlee, the editor of the *Washington Post*, in a very long article on Sunday, June 8. "What's all the fuss about?" he asked, in a tone of injured innocence. "Do these men [Casey, Odom, etc.] really think the people who run this newspaper would betray their country? What reporter and what editor could betray this trust, and look their owner in the eye?"

It turns out that the *Post*—specifically reporter Bob Woodward—had obtained some two months prior to the arrest of Pelton the details of "an amazing top-secret American intelligence capability that emerged in bits and pieces eight months later in the trial of Ronald Pelton." According to Bradlee, the *Post* knew everything about the operation "except Pelton's name." This information apparently had come from someone familiar with the debriefing of Vitaly Yurchenko, the KGB defector who had been Pelton's original Soviet contact.

Over the course of the next nine months, *Post* editors and journalists spoke with a variety of top government officials about the story, and agreed not to publish it, on the grounds that the Russians didn't know exactly what we knew, and to print such a story would remove doubt for the Soviets. The *Post*'s problem was to tell their readers what the Soviets knew, but no more than that; a laudable position. On several occasions, the *Post* delayed publication, and changed the text of the story, because of strong appeals from Odom, Casey, Poindexter, and the President himself.

In short, the *Post* was convinced that publication would damage the national interest, and remained silent. But when Casey warned against speculation, Bradlee reflected that "warnings against speculation are the fabric of a *Pravda* editor's life. They are anathemas in a free society, and they were greeted as such by the American press on this occasion."

This is the sort of specious moral equivalency between the Soviet Union and the United States that the *Post* loves so much, and it is particularly disappointing that a major American editor should think that he is somehow subject to pressures remotely comparable to those of the "editor" of *Pravda.* Bradlee is not threatened by exile to the gulag, nor are his journalists employees of the government. For once, in the Pelton case, the *Post* acted properly, but Bradlee seems not to have learned the basic lessons, which are two in number:

- The government, not the press, is charged with protecting the national security interests of the United States. Nobody elected the media (even though journalists like to pose as the real defenders of the people), and the media are not accountable to the public for their actions. Indeed, in one of the nice ironies of American life, the Freedom of Information Act does not apply to the media, but only to the executive branch of the government.
- The media cannot escape their responsibilities by claiming an absolute right to publish, and pretending that when they remain silent about a story that threatens American security, they are entitled to special praise.

On intelligence stories, it is virtually impossible for any journalist to have the full picture. Woodward, for example, has written several stories in the past two years that have contained some major errors of fact, and other errors showing a complete lack of understanding of the context in which his story should have been placed. In the Pelton case, Woodward had no way of knowing whether his source was trying to mislead him (hoping that a story would be published in order to fool the Soviets), trying to protect Pelton (if there were other sources for the information, the government would be unable to prove that Pelton had uniquely damaged national security), or simply trying to sabotage an ongoing espionage operation against the Soviet Union. And if it was the latter, what obligation did the *Post* have to tell the government that there was a traitor in its midst?

Since the journalist cannot, in the nature of things, have the full picture, on what grounds can he and his editors decide that it is okay to publish? When the government says, "this story is dangerous for the country," on what basis can a newspaper or network decide that its judgment

Michael Ledeen, senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies and author of Grave New World *(Oxford), returns this month as* TAS*'s regular Presswatch columnist. He replaces John O'Sullivan, who has returned to London to become deputy editor of the* Times.

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is better than the government's?

In the real world, several stories in the American press have severely damaged the national interest. In the field of terrorism, stories have led to the deaths of individuals, and compromised our ability to obtain good information. Was it right for these stories to be published?

The case of Abu Abbas is one in which I believe that NBC was irresponsible to agree to protect the location of its source, just as I believe that the protection of sources does not apply in all cases, particularly when the source is a criminal. And Larry Grossman was disingenuous, to say the least, when he argued that if the government wanted to know where Abbas was, they should have tracked his journalists around the world. Can you imagine the wrath he would have directed against the government if CIA agents had trailed his people? In the Pelton case, I believe that the *Post* behaved correctly in withholding the story for so long, and that Bradlee has failed to address the central questions in what is one of the most urgent issues of our time.

Lack of space makes it impossible for me to give details of the very many instances in which the media have encouraged terrorism and damaged the national interest. Watch this space next month for this not-at-all-top-secret information. □

EUROPEAN DOCUMENT

HISTORY UNDER GLASS

by Amity Shlaes

Berlin—When tourists arrive here to attend the city's 750th birthday gala next year, they'll probably stop off to brief themselves at Berlin's formidable Museum for German History. Here they can inspect rows of scythes, pitchforks, and spiked clubs that peasants wielded against each other in brutal, endless religious wars. They can study flag-draped posters commemorating the 1848 Frankfurt National Assembly, where young Germans first argued publicly for the establishment of a liberal democracy. They can even admire an elegant little wristwatch worn by a lady resistance fighter during World War II. Trouble is, the museum is in East Berlin.

Now West Germany's conservative government is making plans to correct this unseemly situation by constructing two national history museums for the Federal Republic. A large museum of Germany's past will rise across from the graffiti-covered Wall in the old diplomatic district of West Berlin. In Bonn, a more modest monument to West German democracy will grace the government quarter. Chancellor Kohl hopes to see these projects finished while he's still in office, but this will take some doing. Rather than choose, impossibly, between the old capital, Berlin, and the real one, Bonn, the Kohl leadership has opted for a kind of institutionalized schizophrenia.

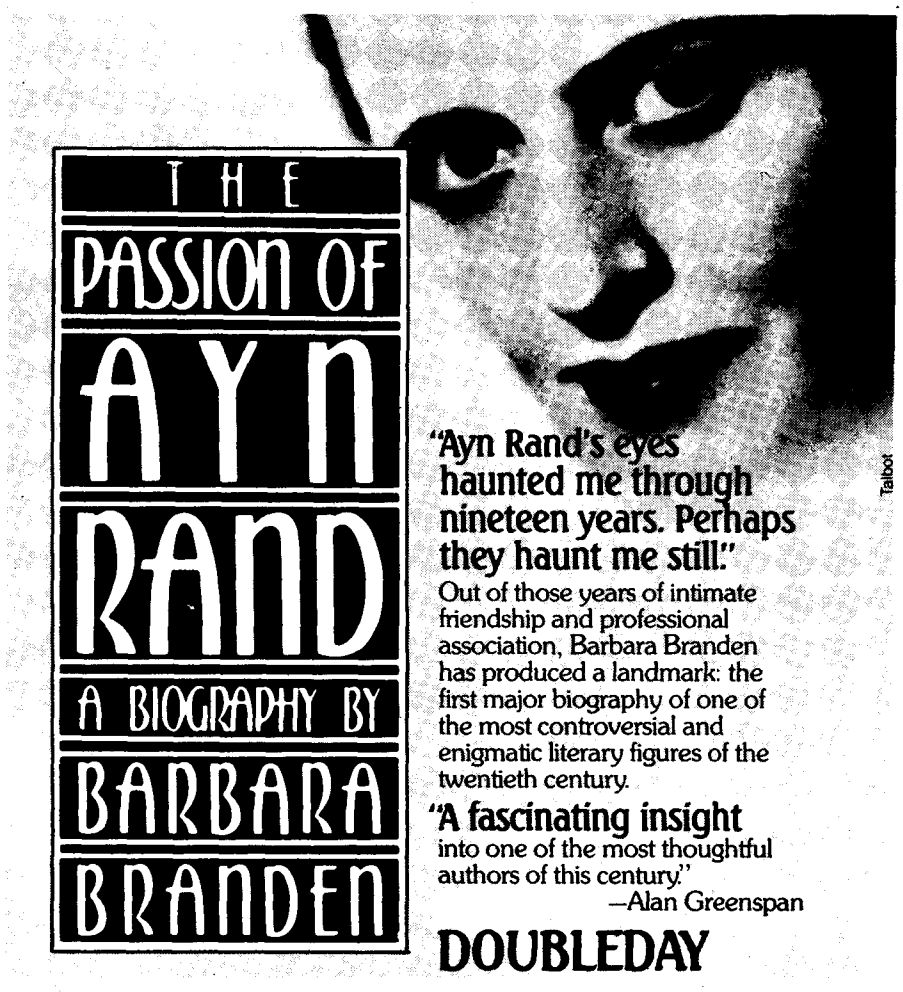
Not that after nearly forty years the Federal Republic of Germany is not ready to define itself. The nation's truncated status—"Germany" is a shrinking country in a Europe whose importance is shrinking—makes establishing an identity even more pressing. But Germans are their own harshest critics and find their record of dealing with their history more than lacking. The last time Germany raised monuments on the scale now being contemplated was under the Third Reich, and many citizens are afraid of seeing Teutonic grandeur in full flower again. Their protests illuminate an old and unresolved reluctance among Germans to call themselves a nation, and also points to the difficulties they continue to have in dealing with the Nazi past and the cold war division of the country.

The government says it wants to give children a picture of a country they can be proud of. Historians working on the Berlin museum, to be given the rather ringingly Prussian title of "The German Historical Museum," hope to trace the German past from territory to Reich to nation. Schoolchildren strolling through will ponder the Roman conquest, Luther's Bible in the Vulgate, and fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm. The Weimar and Nazi periods won't be spared.

In Bonn, plans are further along. A site among the concrete and government buildings has been selected, and the planning group working on the project says it hopes to have a building finished by 1990. The group envisions an exhibit beginning with a rubble landscape, to display the nation's desolation at the end of the war, and then winding out past a variety of theme stations showing West Germany's phoenix-like rise. Historians hope the museum—to take up some 7,000 square meters—will confirm Bonn's status as a Western capital to be taken seriously. Until now, guests seeking cultural edification in the Rhineland townlet have had the choice of riding the subway to see Beethoven's last grand piano and the town's pink and white gilded town hall or inspecting macabre stuffed eagles and elephants at a natural history museum in the government quarter.

These projects are being critized from both left and right. Old-timers and hard-liners who still insist that the border splitting Germany is temporary are upset that the Bonn museum enshrines Bonn as a permanent capital. The more disturbing questions, however, have come from those for whom the projects smack of dangerous national hubris. "Why should we build a museum honoring our 'nation-state'?" asks Freimut Duve, a Social Democrat in the Bundestag. "All our sicknesses stem from our struggles for nationhood." Meanwhile, a Green party booklet on the Berlin museum compares the current project to Hitler architect Albert Speer's plans to build a dome on nearly the same

Amity Shlaes is on the staff of the editorial page of the Wall Street Journal/Europe.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DOUBLEDAY

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site—so big that it will dwarf the already sizable Reichstag. Over a plea for an alternative "Workshop of Ideas," the influential newspaper *Die Zeit* ran a 72-point headline parodying Kohl's point of view, "Anything but something SMALL!" The Berlin magazine *Tip* asks: "How can you actually show German national history? Through the tunic of Frederick the Great, the desk of the Brothers Grimm, and a bronze bust of Adolf Hitler?" What the Social Democrats and Greens would like to see is less attention on political history and more on German social history: on the roles of Germany's powerful labor unions, on the women who swept up the rubble of the country when the surviving men were still in Russian captivity, on German cultural and economic life.

These groups argue that in Berlin's case, at least, the city is itself a museum. A glance at the Wall at Berlin's desolate old city center, or a tour through Ploetzensee, the prison where resistance fighters against the Nazi regime were hung to die on meat hooks, bring home certain truths that no arranged exhibition ever will. "Why should German history be locked into a German History museum?" asks the Berlin Green pamphlet. Today old marching grounds and promenade paths for diplomats from Axis embassies have become a half-wild park, favored for soccer games and cookouts by Turkish guestworkers. Many Berliners—particularly members of the Alternative List, Berlin's chapter of the national Green party—think that's the best use.

Finally, the opposition is angry over what it regards as the high-handed manner in which the museum decision came about. The problem, however, is that there's really little tradition in the Bundestag of debate on cultural issues, primarily because expenditures in this area are the responsibility of the various German states and not the federal government. Thus, though history museum plans have been kicked about by German leadership since the days of Willy Brandt, it took some blunt finger-pointing by Mr. Kohl for the current plans to be introduced. Several small committees appointed by Kohl drew up initial plans, and funding for the projects was passed in the generally uncontested budget for the interior ministry. Having missed their chance to block initial funding for the structures, Bundestag opponents are now threatening to block the further funds needed to complete the projects unless the government comes over to their way of thinking regarding the museums' contents. "We have to do this," says Freimut Duve, criticizing the Bonn committee. "Four historians alone can't write our history."

There's much to be said, though, for getting this history written. For one thing, East Berlin's competition is serious. The Communist capital's History Museum was impressing visitors from East and West years before this season's agonized debate began on the other side of the Wall. This museum, of course, is heavily Marxist. German schoolchildren who pass through it are apt to come out thinking modern history began when Jenny von Westphalen married Marx, took off with the rise of East Germany's Communist government in 1949, and ends with life on the assembly line at the "People's Heavy Machinery Factory Georgi Dimitroff" in Magdeburg. West Berlin's Reichstag—a rather important symbol itself—does house a worn-looking exhibit focusing on nineteenth- and twentieth-century politics. But it has none of the scope of East Berlin's museum.

Berlin's imminent 750th birthday will only highlight the competition between the two halves. The Communists are playing to their big advantage: the fact that most of Berlin's impressive old imperial core lies east of the Wall. Unter den Linden, in East Berlin, is the city's Champs Elysées, and a complex of museums on an island is its Ile St.

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Louis. Scaffolding already hides most of the historic buildings in this quarter as workmen from all over East Germany polish and rebuild for 1987. West Berlin, meanwhile, has to rely more on imagination. What little heritage it had was largely destroyed during the war, so city, state, and federal governments are spending some $63 million on a gala that will consist mostly of ephemeral theater events and historic "happenings." The Federal Government had once hoped to have the new history museum ready for the anniversary. Now it is only promising to have plans ready, a mere IOU.

Birthdays aside, there's another reason the museums should be built. The West German government is a democratic one—it's survived longer than the oft-cited Weimar Republic and Third Reich combined. But to hear opposition parties' complaints, you'd never know it. Their effort to liken the museum plans to plans by Nazis is exactly the kind of hysterical, Weimar-style debate Germany is trying to learn to avoid.

The final reason for concern, though, is that the remaining traces of the Nazi regime are disappearing. Germans argue that it's not enough to visit the country to bring back the past, and it's true older people traveling to Berlin weep as they see grim reminders. They stare out bus windows at pastoral spots in Berlin's Wannsee, the city's Scarsdale, where Jews lined up to board cars to concentration camps further east. They stand mute at the Brandenburg Gate, remembering how they walked through it in the days before it was blocked by the Wall. But more and more visitors are young—grandchildren, not children, of Nazis. Their guides, too, are of the third generation. Germany is a museum about evil. If people are going to keep learning from it, they'll need some explanatory signs. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

ASSAD'S NEW PAL

by William McGurn

Athens—Of the scores of travelers who have felt the tug of the Muse after a summer's eve spent gazing at a moonlit Acropolis, not one seems to have derived any significance from Greece's most significant monument being a ruin. Doubtless it is the work of education. As schoolchildren we are nursed with tales of the land between the Tigris and Euphrates without ever learning that this "cradle of civilization" is modern Iraq; later we marvel at the trading acumen of the Phoenicians without reflecting that the heirs to these creators of the alphabet are the warring Lebanese; still later we read Gibbons's paean to the Romans without ever connecting these efficient conquerors with the Italians we know and love today. Perhaps in this light the progression from Pericles to Papandreou is not that exceptional. Still, it is embarrassing.

The most recent manifestation of the ongoing Hellenic decline was the recent state visit here by Syrian president Hafez al-Assad, his first to a "Western" nation in eight years. The Assad visit taxed the powers of even the cheeriest of optimists who speak fondly of a "thaw" in Greece's relations with its own allies. Nor did it do much for the beleaguered Greek tour promoters, trying desperately to convince tourists that the terrorism thing is much overdone. What it did was bestow a token of Greece's dwindling legitimacy on the most vicious ruler in the Middle East, possibly the world.

Prior to the Assad visit (and especially during the visit of U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz this spring) Papandreou had been making noises that maybe U.S. bases here and Greek membership in the European Community are not so bad after all, a remarkable turnaround for a man who only a short time ago could be heard referring to the two as "wolves' dens." The more cynical might make a connection between his studied rapprochement and the rapidly declining standard of living that has pinched Greeks under the Papandreou years. Obviously the former Berkeley professor of economics understands the lesson that the E.C. and the U.S. are about the only sources of badly needed drachmas that have not yet dried up. For that reason, everyone says, don't worry about what Papandreou says, watch what he does.

Behind the scenes, these folks say, Papandreou is changing. Not only that, but with economic austerity Greeks are becoming less receptive to the Socialist party line. Things are getting better—why, Papandreou didn't even denounce Shultz during the latter's visit here, surely a sign of good will (or, better yet, "pragmatism"). Presumably this means that if only we wait it out Greek foreign policy might come to resemble what might be expected from a NATO member and economic policies will become more tolerant of the nation's wealthy and productive citizenry, e.g., *TAS*'s other European editor, Mr. Theodoracopulos.

To be sure, there is little likelihood that Papandreou will do anything major to disrupt the Alliance; his is mostly noise. The problem is that the noise he makes has determined the debate in Greece, which in turn is going to affect the way Greeks think and act for years to come. This noise includes the brassy welcome accorded Assad, which itself comes in wake of Papandreou's refusal to implement the sanctions against Libya that the E.C. ("even Greece" it was proudly stated) had settled on after the American raid on Libya. So as of this writing the Libyan People's Bureau is still full, with another 300 students also living in the country unmolested.

Yet when it comes to terrorism, Syria's Alawite president is champ. Not many other tyrants these days could get away with slaughtering more than 20,000 of his citizens, as Assad did in Hama in 1982, and still find time to keep up his well-known support for terrorist factions around the world. Then he appears in Greece to denounce terrorism in general and—surprise!—the American position in particular, explaining that of course "national liberation struggles" cannot be considered terrorism. Assad's paradox, except that his arrows all reach their targets.

Certainly he did not need to fear contradiction from Papandreou. In a land justly celebrated for its hospitality since Homer, the Greek prime minister was the perfect host. Not only did he publicly accept Assad's distinction, he added his own little sophistries. "Who are we or anyone else to say that this or that country supports terrorism?" he asked. "It just serves the interest of one big country and if you sign the list you stop having your own foreign policy." The question was only a bit of diplomatic modesty, for he was in fact quite clear that the U.S. strike on Libya was a "terrorist action." He then called for a United Nations conference to define the term.

Remember that this all comes at a time when the entire Western half of Europe is busy trying to convince tourists that fear about terrorism is unfounded. It takes more convincing in the case of Greece, not only because tourism is one of Greece's largest industries but also because if the Greeks don't know how to spot terrorism nobody does: Last year alone there were more than a dozen attacks here that injured more than 100 people, including the bombing of a popular bar near a U.S. base. There are also uneasy feelings about the security (or lack thereof) at Athens airport, whence two jetliners were hijacked after takeoff last year. What this has meant is a drop in 1986 tourism by as much as 80 percent, especially by those free-spending Americans who go on expensive Greek cruises. Together this makes Greece the hardest hit in Europe: both by terrorism itself and the aftershock drop in tourism revenue.

As for calling upon the U.N. to come up with a definition of terrorism, the idea is vintage Papandreou: absolutely preposterous, designed to obfuscate. For one thing, most of us know the difference between, say, planting a bomb on board a civilian flight from Rome and an attack on a Soviet garrison in Afghanistan. For another, despite the undoubted expertise of part of that international body in this area, the U.N. is hardly the place to hash out a definition of terrorism, inasmuch as many of its members are our chief suspects. We don't ask thieves, rapists, and murderers to wrestle with the legal distinctions regarding their respective professions; we judge them.

More important is that future generations will judge us on how well we do this, just as we judge past civilizations for why they died. With terrorism we have barely begun. In the task we ought to ask the help of all those who are committed to our same values. If Papandreou is not, we would do best to ask him to get out of our light. □

William McGurn is editorial features editor of the Wall Street Journal/Europe *and a European editor of* The American Spectator.

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MIDWAY ON THE WAVES

James Lees-Milne/Faber & Faber/$22.95

Thomas Mallon

The two hottest museum passes in America this past season were probably to the Renoir exhibit in Boston and a show of British country-house treasures at the National Gallery in Washington. At the latter, the huge amalgamated throngs of Heartbreak House and Horseback Hall, such as they exist in American versions, might well have pleased James Lees-Milne, the self-confessed middlebrow art historian whose work for the National Trust during the late 1940s occupies much of *Midway on the Waves*, the fourth published volume of his diaries. The author turns forty here, comfortable in his vocation, going about the country to help set up a sort of living British museum in the midst of the aborning welfare state. It may have seemed an odd rearguard action to be engaged in during the heady days of the Labour government (on February 14, 1948, Lees-Milne worries about Aneurin Bevan's reported desire to nationalize the National Trust itself), but the diarist was clearly happy in it.

James Lees-Milne is quite a readable diarist, although anyone who's read the autobiography of his early years, *Another Self*, will wonder why he didn't persevere in that form, since he displayed a touch of genius for it. *Another Self* is wonderfully blind to chronological proportion, really a series of vignettes and touchstones, some hilarious and one or two, on the subject of vanished love, quite harrowing. His diary is a bit plodding by comparison, but anyone's would be. Still, it is so consistently intelligent and interested, and so full of the detached egotism that is the paradoxical prerequisite for much good diary-writing, that readers will be glad of this volume and any that may follow it.

Lees-Milne is Catholic, anti-Communist, and snobbish, but except for a regret that he never volunteered for Franco, he seems only "mildly" all these things. He prefers the stupid and well-bred to the intelligent and ill-bred, and, endowed with the healthy neurotic's capacity for disliking aspects of himself in other people, he dismisses his own generation as "cliquey, dated, prejudiced, out of touch with the new world and preposterously exclusive." In his description of an audience with Pius XII in September 1948, one can see three phrenological salients—a stated preference for objects over people; religious sentimentality; camp honesty—fighting each other for pride of place on the author's scalp:

> [The Pope] held out his hand for me to take and I just noticed the ring, as I kissed it, to have a large dark stone encircled with lesser gems, not diamonds. His presence radiated a benignity, calm and sanctity that I have certainly never before sensed in any human being. All the while he smiled in the sweetest, kindliest way so that I immediately fell head over heels in love with him.

He claims he is "always being depressed by something or other," but the truth is he's probably no more frequently depressed than most people. (People are customarily more unhappy in their diaries than their lives.) Similarly, the fault-finding, self-pity, and *Schadenfreude* that he upbraids himself for don't strike one as being present in inordinate amounts, though he has the likable decency to imagine them so. His parents are sources of frustration and guilt, and only the death of his father puts an end to the positively "biological incompatibility" that always separated man and boy. Money ("my ocean of debt") and sex complete his roster of basic worries. Lust is a joking matter: "A very hilarious, male, witty-smutty, funny party, at which disclosures and confidences poured out faster than the drink. Even Malcolm was embarrassed by certain idiosyncratic disclosures. The more outrageous they became the more harmless. Nearly choked with laughter." But this is really just loud whistling in the romantic dark, and he knows it. A month later he's hoping to be devastated by love. He has the occasional Pepysian nightmare ("I dreamt that an old woman was pulling out my toenails one by one") and considers the advice of his friend Doreen Baynes: "She says happiness consists in finding the right rut and never leaving it."

Lees-Milne's useful career rut was the work for the National Trust, which may or may not absorb one. (I should perhaps point out that I did not take the quick train ride to Washington and all those country houses on display.) In either case one may be struck by an odd flatness in the author's descriptions of those objects whose aggressive preservation provided him with much of his life's work. A dearth of metaphor in his renderings of houses and *objets* sometimes prevents one from seeing much: "Ditchley inside is perfection. Exquisite furniture and fabrics, many original to the house. I have never seen better taste. Nothing jars. Nothing is too sumptuous, or new." Only once in a while does one learn something really amusing, such as the existence of a peculiar staircase in a house near Cambridge that Lutyens built for a bachelor in 1910: "The staircase ceiling is supported by one stout twisted column, so fashioned to reproduce the outlines of the female bosom and buttocks, always there as you move round the newel post, either ascending or descending."

The diarist's picture of postwar austerities (the second "hungry forties" in as many centuries by his overstated reckoning) gives this volume a general documentary value that may please those unexcited by the good works of the National Trust. Dinner parties are skimpy affairs: "a little fish, a little hot ham, deemed a luxury and American no doubt, a tiny savoury, and desert [sic] of one tangerine . . ." Attlee is out to annoy him with a higher tobacco tax and lower petrol ration. The author claims to be "suicidally depressed by the international situation and [his] own" on March 9, 1948, but in fact very little of the former invades the diary. A few contemporary delights always manage to break through to ear or eye: "Never have women's fashions been prettier." There is a certain game empiricism about Lees-Milne, a willingness to admit possibilities in the present even as his heart inclines him to the past.

But the author is actually better at conveying personalities than the life of the times. *Midway on the Waves* is full of quick, deft miniatures of friends and acquaintances. Vivid pictures of Vita

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Thomas Mallon teaches English at Vassar College and is the author of A Book of One's Own: People and Their Diaries *(now available in paperback from Penguin).*

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Sackville-West, Sibyl Colefax, and Nancy Mitford ("Nancy's scintillations dry me up") come and go at just the right speed, the projectionist figuring the audience's span of attention and interest quite exactly before going on to the next slide. A sketch of a friend:

Ted Lister, round as a ball, spectacles on the tip of his nose, dined with me alone and stayed till nearly midnight, knitting and gossiping. When he gave these two recreations a rest he practised on an imaginary harp, twanging non-existent strings with stumpy fingers, and humming execrably.

Several months later the following lines are recorded about Mrs. Winston Churchill: "She is jerky and precise in manner, and yet miauly; laughs and speaks as though she feared to touch or swallow dirt. She is, I suspect, *au fond* snobbish, exclusive and disapproving. With her white hair she is still a beautiful woman." He wisely avoids trying to reconcile these individual sentences with too much conjunctive glue. The lines don't add up because people don't either, and he is gifted with a willingness to let it go at that. Indeed, for all his professed preference for things over people, he's considerably more evocative of the human family than he is of their ancient geegaws and bibelots. James Pope-Hennessy (whose working-class boyfriends and venereal complaints provoke a certain pharisaical tattling) tells Lees-Milne of his mother Una's death, and the diarist puts it down with probably even more graphic concision than it had in the telling:

J. said the ten minutes of her death were an experience he would never free his memory from. It was awful. He never thought such a noise could be emitted from a human frame. Her face became a skull with a veil of torment drawn across it. She was unrecognizable except for her hair. He held both her hands and tried to help her to die.

Gallant old women who've seen better days are special favorites of the diarist. Lady Throckmorton, trying to make ends meet at Coughton Court in Warwickshire, is "a noble and splendid woman," and so is Mrs. Esdaile, lunching at the Allies Club: "She was looking like an old rag-and-bone woman with the blackest handkerchief you ever saw; yet was so grateful for a nasty meal. She is a very great woman."

Sustained narrative interest is at rather a minimum in this volume, but since diaries are always such great teases in this respect, *narrationes interruptae*, one can't complain too much if one doesn't find out what happened to Lees-Milne's mysteriously sore leg of March 27, 1948 (presumably it cleared up), or his effeminate friend who wanted to be made love to (presumably someone eventually obliged). Lees-Milne is rather circumspect about his own romantic life. In his memoirs he asserted that sex is less preoccupying to the young than to the middle-aged, but in the diary we get little more than the occasional conversational bulletin: "We discussed the cussedness of inclinations beyond one's control." Love itself, however, makes a grand third-act entrance in the shape of the married Alvilde Chaplin. Before long their romance is unfolding "like a gigantic scroll, of which only the lettering immediately under the eyes is clearly readable, the rest being lost in misty lines." What *did* he confess to "A" on July 15, 1949? The mist isn't cleared from our eyes either, but this is all right because we're soon caught up in the question of What To Do. After some discreet vicissitudes a decision is taken: "I promised her that if Anthony goes I will live with her and marry her when I get the Church's consent. We went home to her flat before midnight and were together when the New Year came in." End of diary. Cut to next volume (if Lees-Milne is inclined to produce one).

That he hasn't edited all the dullness

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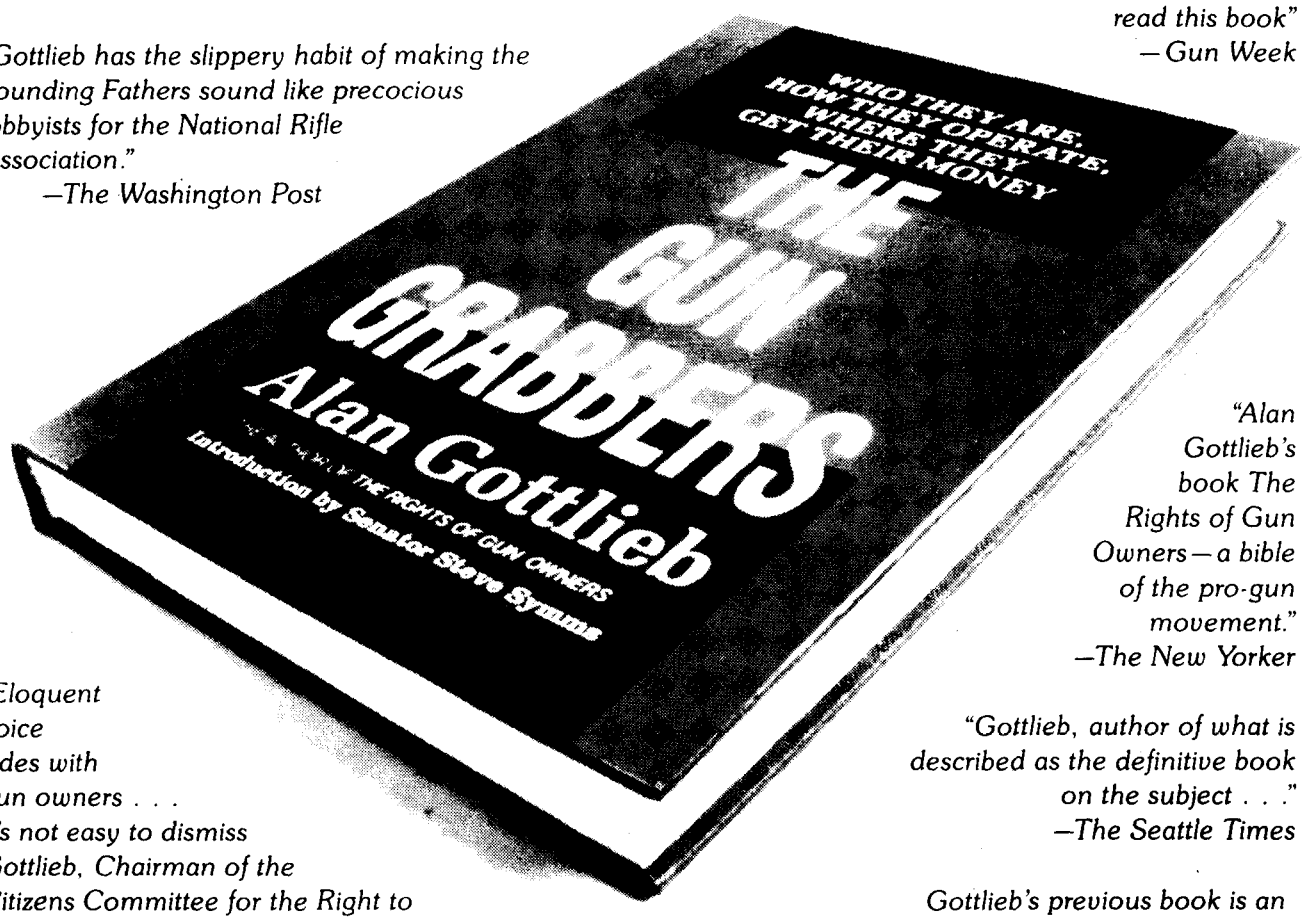

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out of this diary is a reasonable thing. The patches he's left in authenticate him as human even as they glaze the reader's eyes a bit: the British Museum ought to be a national monument; big airplanes are scary to travel in because one can't figure out how they get off the ground. That sort of thing. His King's College Chapel is no more exciting than the postcard-writing tourist's ("I gasped at the exquisite beauty of this building"), and some of his tea-party pieces can be as dreary as the parties probably were themselves. With an apologetic nod to the anticipated readers of posterity he admits that his account of a bit of business "reads like a minute from a subcommittee of an urban district council." Even so, he's likely to be more witty than the people he's with: "Barbara [Rothschild] is enchanting. She refers to the Sibyls on the ceiling of the Spello chapel as 'those Colefaxes on the roof.'" Well, who couldn't have gotten that one off? His own Wildean observation a day later is a lot closer to the real I-wish-I'd-said-that thing: "The fact that for more than two millennia human beings have prayed without thereby doing the slightest harm to anyone speaks well for it."

One doesn't really want an aesthetic of diaries, criteria that would inhibit their lunatic paragraphic, their unlocatable themes, their splenetic lack of grammar. Those diarists who choose to publish leave themselves open, of course, to the sort of tut-tutting I've engaged in above. The ones who allow themselves to die before fending off the posthumous approach of editors also suffer the fate of being judged "good" or "bad" diarists (like "good" or "bad" letter writers), even though that may have been the furthest vocational idea from their late minds. That James Lees-Milne is a fairly absorbing diarist probably has to do with his not having thought too much about the act of diary-writing, or bothering to reconcile such contradictory reflections as he made. He has, on the same night, the diarist's typical view of the activity as both indulgence and obligation ("Some fiend impels me to go on writing this diary which no one will want to read, not even my great-great-nephews and nieces. . . . I allow intervals to elapse, sometimes as long as a week when I forget the salient events to record. It is a vice . . ."). He decides, upon returning from an Italian holiday, that "a diary of travel to the continent is of little interest unless it is a learned disquisition on the arts and manners," but four paragraphs later sets about recording "some unforgettable little scenes and incidents that make me love Italy."

He wisely failed to follow through on somebody's bright dinner-party idea of October 13, 1948:

After dinner, when the women left, talk was about how little we knew of the everyday life of our ancestors in spite of George Trevelyan's history. Jock Colville suggested we ought to go home tonight and write down in minutest detail how we drove to the Wyndhams' door, left our car at the kerb, its doors firmly locked, rang the bell, were kept waiting on the doorstep; how we were received by a butler wearing a black bow tie instead of a white one, what the hall smelt like, how the man took our coats and hats, putting them on the chest downstairs, and how he preceded us upstairs, one step at a time, etc., etc.

The suggestion reminds one of the old Mass Observation program of 1930s Britain, that forerunner of modern sociology's knack for obfuscating the evident into the inexplicable. If we're going to go on about this business of diary aesthetics, we might as well call a diary with a program what Poe called a long poem—a contradiction in terms. Heavens, yes, let us see in a diary how people actually live, since novels have long since given up on telling us that. But better just to write it as you live it, and wind up with the kind of book and, it would seem, life that Lees-Milne has made: a reasonable, mixed sort of affair. □

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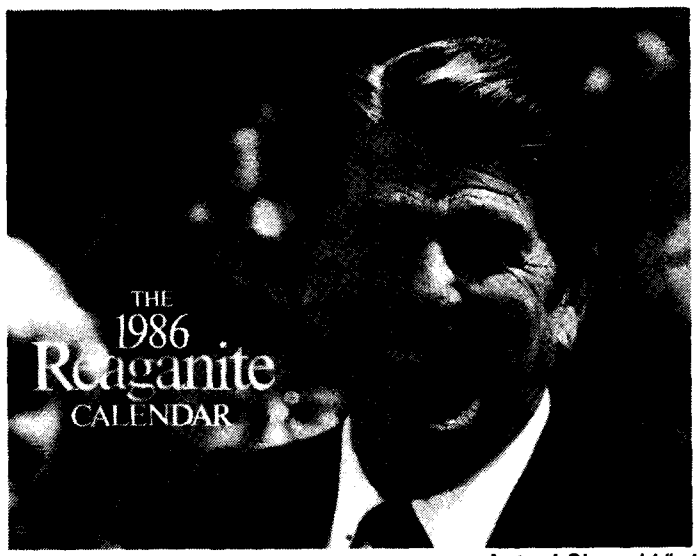

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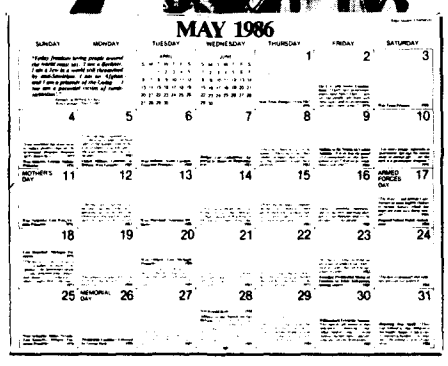

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THE BLOODY CROSSROADS: WHERE POLITICS AND LITERATURE MEET

Norman Podhoretz/Simon and Schuster/$16.95

Terry Teachout

Some writers treat literary criticism as an end, others as a means. George Will, formerly book editor of *National Review* and currently ABC's right-wing media idol in residence, is a classic example of the latter type. So is Norman Podhoretz, who began reviewing books for *Commentary* over thirty years ago and ended up as editor of the magazine, an unprecedented development which has enhanced the fantasy lives of countless frustrated critics ever since.

But those who remember Mr. Podhoretz's first book, an exceptionally astute collection of critical essays called *Doings and Undoings: The Fifties and After in American Writing*, know that neoconservatism's gain was criticism's loss. ("The temptation to any man who is interested in ideas and primarily in literature, to put literature into the corner until he cleans up the whole country first," as T. S. Eliot said of Matthew Arnold, "is almost irresistible.") So it is at once a surprise and a pleasure to note the publication of *The Bloody Crossroads: Where Literature and Politics Meet*, Mr. Podhoretz's new book, which brings together between hard covers the literary essays which he has been publishing at increasingly frequent intervals in *Commentary* and the *New Criterion* since 1982.

Mr. Podhoretz's book is "an attempt to merge the political issues that have largely concerned me as a writer during the past twenty years with my originally overriding interest in literature." His subject matter is diverse: George Orwell, Henry Kissinger, F. R. Leavis, Milan Kundera, Henry Adams, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. The perfect title comes from a Lionel Trilling essay, "Reality in America," in which memorable reference is made to "the dark and bloody crossroads where literature and politics meet." Mr. Podhoretz has omitted the darkness both from his title and from the introduction in which he explains its meaning, and one cannot help but suspect that the omission is deliberate. For Norman Podhoretz, there is nothing dark about that bloody crossroads. The spotlight is aimed, the villain plain to see:

> [M]ost of the writers I discuss . . . are former Communists driven by the compulsion to warn the democratic world against the threat of an evil that few of them would hesitate to describe as absolute. Yet on the whole these ex-Communists are no more enthusiastic about the democratic world, especially as embodied in the United States, the most powerful of all the democracies, than are Adams and Leavis and the many like-minded intellectuals whose attitudes are analyzed in [the essay] "The Adversary Culture and the New Class."

The Bloody Crossroads, then, is a study of intellectual inconsistency. Why do those authors who know and abhor totalitarianism so often fail to recognize that the United States is their spiritual ally? Why do they persistently fail to recognize the manifest superiority of capitalism to socialism? Mr. Podhoretz believes that these questions should be addressed logically. He therefore argues that if Orwell were alive today the force of events would have made him a neoconservative, repudiates Henry Adams for "encouraging a bigoted contempt for this country" and "subtly denigrating and devaluing the life of the mind," chides Milan Kundera in an open letter for "cooperating" with the liberal critics "who have kidnapped your work."

But *The Bloody Crossroads* is more than a neoconservative syllabus of left-wing political error: it is also a work of critical discrimination. "I believe," Mr. Podhoretz says in the introduction, "that a critic can talk about literature in a way that respects its autonomy without denying or suppressing a concern with other values." And Mr. Podhoretz is at obvious pains in *The Bloody Crossroads* to show that he can do exactly that. In "Kissinger Reconsidered" he simultaneously advances the case for *White House Years* and *Years of Upheaval* as "one of the great works of our time" and rejects Kissinger's diplomatic strategies as "very brilliant but for the most part wrong"; in "The Terrible Question of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn" he dismisses Solzhenitsyn's novels as "dead from beginning to end" while praising *The Gulag Archipelago* and *The Oak and the Calf* as "among the very greatest books of the age."

F. R. Leavis, one of Norman Podhoretz's teachers, said in the preface to *The Great Tradition* that

> the best way to promote profitable discussion is to be as clear as possible with oneself about what one sees and judges, to try and establish the essential discriminations in the given field of interest, and to state them as clearly as one can (for disagreement if necessary).

Mr. Podhoretz has learned this lesson well. His field of interest is worthy, his discriminations central, his arguments stated with the greatest possible clarity. The result is a coherent view of literature with which one may disagree violently but which one must nevertheless take very seriously indeed. (Witness, for instance, the recent Hugh Kenner-Tod Lindberg dispute over *The Bloody Crossroads* in the *Washington Times*.) Judged by these critical standards, *The Bloody Crossroads* is brilliantly successful.

To be sure, Mr. Podhoretz does seem from time to time to chafe against the journalistic constraints under which he works. Most of these essays were written for magazines, and none has been revised "beyond the merely cosmetic." In many cases, of course, revision was neither necessary nor desirable. Mr. Podhoretz's *New Criterion* essay on F. R. Leavis is easily the finest short discussion of Leavis's significance as a critic that has seen print; "Henry Adams: The 'Powerless' Intellectual in America" is equally fine in its dissection of Adams as a literary archetype for New Class political attitudes.

But certain other essays in *The Bloody Crossroads* are too short to accommodate fully their powerful initiating ideas, too willing to settle for suggestive assertion over meticulous demonstration. ("If I were still a practicing literary critic," Mr. Podhoretz says at one point in his essay "An Open Letter to Milan Kundera," "I would be obligated at this juncture to show how *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* achieves this marvelous result.") When Mr. Podhoretz describes Camus's *The Plague* as "clenched and ungiving," one wants to know more about the reasoning behind this intriguing conclusion. One would like to hear how Mr. Podhoretz rates Henry Kissinger's memoirs next to, say, those of Grant or Talleyrand or Churchill. One would like to hear him discuss in greater detail his willingness to dismiss Solzhenitsyn as a major novelist on the basis of reputedly bad translations from the original Russian. One would like, in short, for Mr. Podhoretz to have expanded two or three of these nine essays after the fact to a more substantial length, in the familiar manner of Edmund Wilson, and to have thereby addressed some of the questions which compression has forced him to leave hanging.

Most of all, one would like to have a longer and more explicit discussion of the underlying critical assumptions of *The Bloody Crossroads* than is supplied in Mr. Podhoretz's three-page introduction. For these are at least as interesting as any specific thing he has to say about any specific work of literary art. Mr. Podhoretz, lest we forget, is a neoconservative, and his critical perspectives are necessarily a product of the left-liberal milieu in which he was reared. "It is no secret," he says,

> that I have changed my mind about many things since the days when I wrote mostly about literature. But about some things I have not changed my mind at all. I still believe now, as I did in the late fifties and early sixties, that it is possible for a critic to speak openly from a particular perspective and to make political judgments without permitting such judgments to replace or obscure literary values as such.

The critical sentiments expressed here are, of course, admirable. But good cases make bad law, and most of the cases in *The Bloody Crossroads* are gilt-edged. What one would really like to hear is how Norman Podhoretz deals with a *bad* case: an author of noxious politics or morals whom he nonetheless regards as indisputably great. (The essay on Kissinger's memoirs is only a gesture in this direction.) Can such authors exist? Mr. Podhoretz, judging by his introduction, must surely think so, and one would very much like to hear about them from his own mouth. □

Terry Teachout, an assistant editor of Harper's, *is a frequent contributor to* Commentary, National Review, *and* The American Spectator.

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SACCO AND VANZETTI: THE CASE RESOLVED

Francis Russell/Harper & Row/$16.95

David Evanier

You shall know, my sons, shall know
why we leave the song unsung. . . .

Work and build my sons,
a monument to love and joy,
to human worth, to faith we kept
for you, my sons, for you.

—Ethel Rosenberg
Ossining, New York
January 24, 1953

Remember always, Dante, in the play of happiness, don't use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step, at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help, help for the prosecuted and the victim, because they are your better friend; they are all the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday for the conquest of the joy of freedom for all and the poor workers. . . .

—A letter two days before his death from Nicolo Sacco to his son.

Francis Russell's new book is the further deflating of a myth he punctured in 1961 in his first study of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, *Tragedy in Dedham*. At that time he blazed a trail that other historians would follow later in dealing with two other central cases that were centers of ideological storms. Beginning with the assumption that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent, the evidence he uncovered forced Russell to conclude that Sacco was guilty. Allen Weinstein (on the Hiss case) and Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton (on the Rosenbergs) would, in the 1980s, begin with the assumption of innocence and arrive at similar conclusions.

About a year before his death in 1985, Walter Goldwater, proprietor of one of the legendary Manhattan bookstores, the University Place Bookshop, and a passionate advocate of human rights, showed me a letter he was writing to Alger Hiss, whom he knew slightly. The letter referred to Hiss's forthcoming birthday party, to which he had invited Goldwater. Goldwater wrote that, "like you," he had been approached by Whittaker Chambers to engage in espionage for the Soviet Union. Unlike Hiss's situation, Goldwater wrote, the plan did not materialize (the Russians had wanted to use his bookstore as a cover and changed their minds) and he soon broke forever with his Communist dreams. Goldwater went on to say that since both he and Hiss had now reached "a certain age," wasn't it time for Hiss at last to confess and tell the truth? An answer never arrived.

I thought of the letters of Ethel Rosenberg, Nicolo Sacco, and the courageous Walter Goldwater in conjunction with reading Francis Russell's brilliant study, for in truth all three cases—the Rosenbergs, Hiss, and Sacco and Vanzetti—converge. Russell writes of addressing an audience at Boston's leftist Community Church on the Sacco and Vanzetti case in 1958. He writes of the church's bookshelf containing books on Sacco and Vanzetti and "more books and pamphlets defending the Rosenbergs and Alger Hiss. Apparently, to be a Community Church communicant required believing that Hiss and the Rosenberg couple were as much victims of a frameup as were Sacco and Vanzetti. Though I still shared the latter belief, I couldn't help wondering about the implacability of the dogma. It wasn't open to discussion or argument."

In fact, there are strong parallels between the Sacco and Vanzetti case and both other cases. However, the most striking parallel is with the Rosenbergs:

•The portentous political symbolism. Each case was—and remains—a source of ideological fervor.

•The myths of the nonviolent, nonideological character of the accused. The Rosenbergs were depicted as a "simple, progressive couple"; in fact they were ideological soldiers of Stalin. Sacco and Vanzetti were supposed to be "harmless philosophical anarchists"; Russell writes that they were militant anarchists committed to violence.

•Myths of spontaneous worldwide outrage. Russell writes that the Sacco-Vanzetti "world agitation, the great demonstrations, were Communist-organized and directed." This was equally true of the Rosenbergs.

•Myths of government and FBI calumny. For years the Rosenberg defenders screamed for the release of the FBI files which would prove a frameup. Since the files were released and pointed to guilt, they now claim they were the "wrong"—manufactured—files. The Sacco-Vanzetti defenders claimed the FBI had framed them and the files would show it. Russell writes, "It is now clear from the files that the . . . bureau agents were not aware of Sacco and Vanzetti before their arrest. . . . The bureau did not aid the prosecution and had no opinion as to guilt or innocence in a crime it considered outside its jurisdiction."

•Published letters. Both Sacco and Vanzetti and the Rosenbergs achieved enormous impact with the publication of their letters. Passionate advocates of both cases were recruited far more on the personal, emotional appeal of the letters than on an objective examination of the facts of each case. (Sacco and Vanzetti's were, of course, far more eloquent than those of the Rosenbergs.)

•Radical chic. Francis Russell dispels any notion that this state of mindlessness started in recent years. In fact, Sacco and Vanzetti won over *all* the writers and artists; the Rosenbergs only most of them. Sacco and Vanzetti had the rich Boston dowagers (known to the Communists as "sob sisters"), Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, John Dewey, Norman Thomas, John Dos Passos, H. L. Mencken. Russell states:

> In the feverish months of 1927 the case became a rallying point for the intellectual and academic commonality that in many cases set the tone for their entire lives. As a vehicle of protest it filled a need. To intellectuals in their postwar sense of isolation and alienation, it gave a community of spirit, the pentecostal feeling of belonging, as well as the unadmitted satisfaction of identifying themselves with an elite. Their indignation was itself liberating, a catharsis of the emotions, a commitment of faith where the need to believe became the will to believe.

Or, as Russell's epigraph from Samuel Johnson puts it, "Most of our ideas are not propagated by reason but caught by contagion."

•The role of Felix Frankfurter. Frankfurter played an extraordinary role in both cases. That such a notable personage of the law as Frankfurter felt the way he did added immeasurable weight to the belief of millions in the innocence of both couples. The impact remains to this day. As the dean of the Harvard Law School (and schoolmate of Frankfurter's) Roscoe Pound said after exhaustively examining the evidence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case: "Felix was completely wrong. . . . His humanitarian instincts had distorted his judgment."

•The defendants' certitude about their "innocence" on a higher scale of morality. Sacco and Vanzetti, like the Rosenbergs, hated the American system. To them, it was criminal. To destroy it was the highest virtue. They would sacrifice everything, including their lives, for this higher good. How could such a system judge their acts? Russell writes:

> Sacco and Vanzetti, like Hiss and the Rosenbergs, were to themselves innocent, accepting the yoke of martyrdom, guilty only in the eyes and by the laws of the society they rejected. To insist on their innocence, however incontrovertible the facts, was their moral obligation. . . . By their own definition they had to be innocent.

•The silence maintained by all the principals in each case over the years. Such a silence (among the anarchists, among the Communists) must be the most important expression of faith and commitment after the act itself. That this silence was momentarily broken by Morton Sobell (convicted of conspiring with the Rosenbergs) in conversations of a relatively candid nature with me in 1982—even though he insisted on his innocence—must be one of the more unusual footnotes to the Rosenberg case.

It remained for Russell, after twenty-five years of indefatigable searching, to find someone to break the silence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Ideale Cambera, the son of a member of the first Sacco-Vanzetti defense group, communicated with Russell after his father's death of his father's written statement that "everyone knew that Sacco was guilty and that Vanzetti was innocent as far as the actual participation in the killing." He provided Russell with a tape of his father's words as well as the written document. Whether one considers this circumstantial evidence definitive depends on whether you think the artist or the scientist has the final word. Russell's book is written with the skill and intuition of both the historian and the artist. But his scientific skills are considerable too—read his account of the ballistic tests. And his accounts of the anarchist world out of which Sacco and Vanzetti came, and the intellectual and historic context of the period, are absorbing.

The reasons for the rancor directed at authors like Russell, Radosh, Milton, and Weinstein can be traced to what is at stake: the notion of the innocence of the left itself. To ideologues, writers like Russell have "gone sour." They have lost the vision. In fact, they have reached the "certain age" that Walter Goldwater referred to in his letter to Alger Hiss. It is an age which connotes honesty, objectivity, and courage. □

David Evanier is completing a novel about American Communism entitled The Prince of Progressive Humanity.

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INVENTING ADOLESCENCE: THE POLITICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY SCHOOLING

Joseph Adelson/Transaction Books/$29.95

Rita Kramer

In the Dark Ages that were known as the sixties, a few monklike individuals kept learning alive, upholding standards, resisting destructive trends, and preserving the common cultural memory for the young. One of them was Joseph Adelson, and rereading the pleas for sanity, the reminders of reality, and the exhortations to common sense which he has published over the past twenty years in such periodicals as *Commentary, Daedalus*, and the *Public Interest* and in various collections of scientific articles, is both depressing and exhilarating.

It is sobering to be reminded of the extent of the corruption of the educational process over these two decades at the hands of those who should have been its preservers and protectors, but cheering to view the ruins in the company of one who not only knows where the bombs fell but has some suggestions about how we might go about rebuilding now that the war appears to be over.

As both a professor and practitioner of psychology, Adelson has observed, studied, and treated the young, and in the pieces collected in *Inventing Adolescence* he has focused on two interrelated questions: what the adolescent is like and how the adolescent should be educated. In the answers to both of these questions he distinguishes himself from his many colleagues—teachers and therapists alike—who were so quick to embrace the youth culture and its values in the process of doing what Adelson calls "inventing the young."

In "The Political Imagination of the Young Adolescent," Adelson reminds us of what every rigorous study has shown—that emotional turmoil and intergenerational strife are not inevitable parts of growing up but characteristics of those special populations that theorists are most familiar with—their patients, their students, their own children. "The inclination to utopia is a matter of class and social position," he tells us, "not fundamentally a youth phenomenon."

Those teenagers who are deeply involved in political talk and political activity are not usually in rebellion against their parents but closely identified with them. Like the antiwar demonstrators of the sixties, youngsters of the eighties who say they are preoccupied with the threat of nuclear war come from families that are politically active and take both their direction and their intensity from their parents. Radical campus activists usually proved to be the children of parents with radical sympathies, raised in a way that valued expression over inner restraint, encouraged challenging authority over conformity. What Adelson calls the "traditional strategies of coping," characteristic even then of most adolescents—"consumed neither by grievances nor by moral passion"—have been ignored by pop sociology as they have been by the academics and clinicians whose ideas filter down to TV talk shows.

In short, the generation gap, like the presence of acute emotional distress in the ordinary adolescent, is a myth, a collective illusion shared by much of the public, the media, and many if not most social scientists and therapists. Many would now agree that the image of the young as victims and visionaries, an oppressed group of revolutionary heroes, that was dominant in the sixties made, as Adelson reminds us, for "bad art, bad history, and bad social science." He was one of the very few to say so then.

He is still one of the very few within his discipline to apply the insights of psychology to the political and social world in ways that are enriching rather than reductive. He avoids metapsychological abstractions as well as the opposite extreme of using only that which can be quantified to represent the complexity of human behavior. What he has to tell us about how the themes of guilt, dependency, envy, and power emerge from an interaction between values in the child's milieu and certain dispositions in his personality makes theory come alive and gives meaning to statistical studies. Perhaps that is because he is a humanist, one who reads and remembers the literature and honors the intellectual traditions of the past, in addition to being a clinician and a social scientist.

It is this humanism that informs Adelson's views on schooling. Just as he never fell for the idea that the generation gap was a given, he never fell into the liberal lockstep that made numerical equality the prime good and quotas an acceptable means of attaining fixed group representations. He resisted the fashionable view of revisionist educators that the student was to be liberated from schooling and from teachers, and he knows the kinds of questions to ask:

> Why did we believe that schools incapable of teaching correct spelling would nevertheless be able to convey the highest degree of moral, psychological, and social insight? Why were we unable to perceive and reflect upon the uncertain relationship between schooling and later achievement—why it is that a James Joyce could be delivered out of the most rigid Jesuitical circumstances, whereas a hundred Summerhills have yet to deliver a James Joyce?

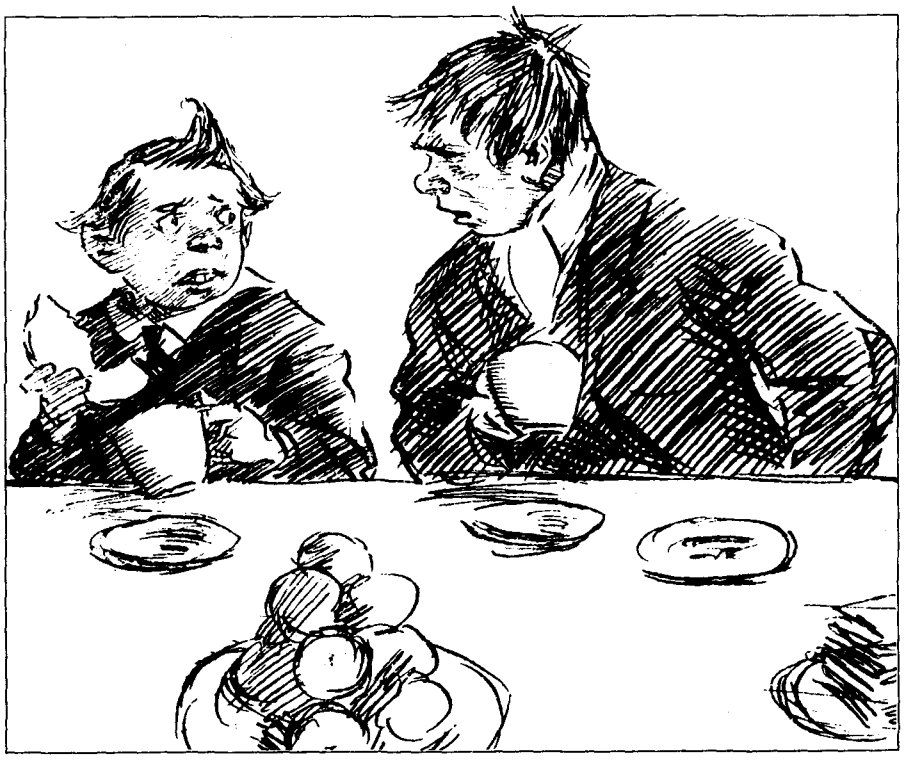
Adelson is unusual among social scientists and members of the therapeutic professions in believing that knowledge of the classics and languages and political theory makes up an important part of what it is to be educated, and that courses in self-improvement, family harmony, and the various watered-down social sciences are no substitute for the study of history, philosophy, and literature in dealing with the moral questions that education must help us frame correctly before we can answer them.

Unlike those who have seen the schools as instruments of a secular brand of salvation and thus corrupted them, he knows that "authoritarian means, however well meant, will not achieve democratic ends." He asks that we return to what Jefferson and Lincoln meant by equality—equality of opportunity for the individual, not group entitlements—and that we rescue the university from "the sorrowful legacy of the sixties," the attitude that has placed research and theory at the service of political aims, and return to a more disinterested and less tendentious kind of scholarship.

In the end, we can say of Adelson what he says of William James in an essay on *The Principles of Psychology*, "Still Vital After All These Years." Like James, his understanding of the sciences is informed by his appreciation of the humanities. He too is, in Isaiah Berlin's formulation, more of a fox—one who knows about and can discuss many things—than a hedgehog, who knows only one thing. We need more foxes like Adelson as we go about the task of repairing the damage done in classrooms by the hedgehogs focused on narrowly defined political aims and social attitudes.

One wishes *Inventing Adolescence* had a more attractive format and more careful editing. Like most collections of this kind, it suffers from a certain degree of repetitiousness in the contents of various pieces. And it cries for an index. Still, let's be grateful for what it does have—useful ideas gracefully expressed. Like all academic press publications, it isn't easy to find. You won't see stacks of it beside the cash register at your local B. Dalton. Find a local bookstore and order it. Your bookseller will be encouraged to know that it's still the thought that counts. □

Rita Kramer is the author of In Defense of the Family *and a member of the Elementary Education Study Group of the U.S. Department of Education.*



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ANCIENT HISTORY: EVIDENCE AND MODELS

M. I. Finley/Viking/$17.95

Carnes Lord

When the authors of the *Federalist Papers* sought a collective identity for themselves, they turned to ancient Rome. For educated Americans and Europeans of the late eighteenth century, classical antiquity was not only a living reality but a vital source for the understanding of republican political orders. Today, Athens and Rome are foreign to our political discourse, and they are barely at home in the educational curricula of our best universities. What happened?

What happened in the first instance is that the ancient republics, and the historians and political theorists who preserved, digested, and interpreted the lessons they offer, came to seem increasingly irrelevant in a modern era that rejected the political models available in the classical past. But much of the answer also lies in the profound transformation in historical writing and the conception of history that occurred during the nineteenth century. Under the impact of Hegel, history came to be seen as a series of discrete epochs in which the human spirit marches dialectically toward self-consciousness and freedom. Such a view left little room for models of political order other than those derived from the historical process. At the same time, it gave a powerful impulse to the enterprise of scientific history, understood as the study of the history of particular periods in opposition to the self-understanding of those periods, and with the aim of discovering not lessons for contemporary practice but simply (in von Ranke's famous phrase) "how it really was."

M. I. Finley, Professor Emeritus of Ancient History at Cambridge University and probably the most distinguished contemporary student of the economic and social history of classical antiquity, is dissatisfied with the current state of scientific history as applied to the study of Greece and Rome. Finley's indictment is roughly as follows. Contemporary historians delude themselves in believing that scientific history, in the sense of the objective study of the past wholly divorced from ideological preconceptions, is possible at all. Such a belief leads either to a merely antiquarian concern with the brute facts of the past, or to a kind of historiography in which the operational principles of historical explanation are unexamined, half-conscious reflections of present realities. Historians of antiquity are particularly exposed to the twin temptations of antiquarianism and subjective or ideological reconstruction of the past. The paucity of the ancient evidence has caused historians to overrate the reliability of the literary sources, while it has licensed assaults on more traditional historiography on the one hand by the new scientific archeology, and on the other by trendy approaches using quantitative analysis.

This slight volume sets forth the grounds for Finley's indictment, but needs to be supplemented by other recent collections of his essays. Nevertheless, it conveys an accurate sense of the seriousness of Finley's disaffection with current historiographical practices, as well as the breadth of learning and sharpness of judgment that are characteristic of his writing. Finley's polemical style is deliberate, an aspect of his refusal to accept the claim of scientific history to be a cumulative body of knowledge on the model of the modern natural sciences.

At times, Finley gives the impression of rejecting the entire enterprise of scientific history in favor of a return to traditional narrative history, with its overt didacticism and concern for contemporary problems. Thus to Martin Nilsson's standard works on Greek religion he counterposes Jacob Burckhardt's *Griechische Kulturgeschichte*, and he appears to prefer the "political pedagogy" of Theodor Mommsen's once immensely popular history of Rome to the "positivism" of Hermann Bengtson. In a debunking chapter on Leopold von Ranke, generally regarded as the founder of scientific history, Finley contrasts von Ranke's claim "to allow only the things to speak" with the approach of J. G. Droysen, one of the few historians of antiquity to address methodological issues. Historians, Droysen argued, "must know what they wish to seek; only then will they find something. One must question things correctly, then they give an answer."

This impression, however, is misleading. Much of what Finley finds to object to in the scientific history practiced in the nineteenth century—a romantic reliance on subjective intuition and an unabashed political conservatism (Eduard Meyer is singled out for these sins among historians of antiquity)—is really a failure to live up to its own standards. And Finley is by no means hostile to recent innovations in historical methodology such as "cliometrics," or to the contributions of archeology, insisting only that they be kept in perspective and integrated fully with the more traditional approaches. Indeed, he appears ready to concede a large role to cliometrics in principle; the problem is merely the lack of reliable statistical data and documents from the classical period. Much of the reason for this seems to lie in his marked skepticism concerning the value of the ancient literary tradition, including even those ancient historians who have been most esteemed as precursors of modern historiography.

He goes quite far, for example, in denying that the speeches in Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War bear any tolerable relation to speeches that may actually have been pronounced by the political actors in that conflict. Here again, Finley seems to find scientific history wanting through a failure to apply genuinely scientific principles. According to Finley, historians of antiquity have generally adopted an attitude of faith in the literary sources of the period that is unique among the practitioners of scientific history, and need to make a much greater effort to distinguish between primary and secondary source material. At the same time, Finley also admits that the primary source material is extremely deficient. What, then, is to be done? In place of the mathematical models of the cliometricians, Finley proposes the use of "non-mathematical models" as a way to give greater focus to the study of essentially fragmentary and enigmatic data.

Finley's approach is reminiscent in some ways of the fourteenth-century North African historian Ibn Khaldun, who prefaced his history of the world with a lengthy essay that can be considered the earliest attempt at comparative or historical sociology. For Finley, the necessary prolegomenon to an adequate history of classical antiquity is, if not the sociology of Max Weber, at any rate a kind of historical sociology postulating Weberian "ideal types" that can serve as models for historical investigation. One of the interesting features of the present volume is the evidence it provides of Finley's growing realization of the problematic character of Weber's "ideal types." Whether owing to his awareness of Weber's inadequacy for his purposes or for other reasons, Finley has never succeeded in working out the theoretical basis for the alternative approach to ancient history that he appears to regard as necessary. As a result, Finley's concrete prescriptions for improvement tend to be highly tentative and limited, lacking the confidence of his criticism of current practice.

Some of the ambiguities and hesitations in Finley's argument can be understood by appreciating the "ideological" agenda underlying his own theoretical project. Finley is in the last analysis unwilling to sanction a return to traditional history because traditional history is above all political history. As such, it is the history of particular ruling groups or classes, of their contests for political power at home and their wars abroad. In common with much recent historiography, Finley believes such history tends to be fundamentally flawed by its neglect of private life and the life of the non-ruling strata of society. When Finley thinks of the deficiencies of the ancient literary sources, he thinks first of their neglect of the economic and social

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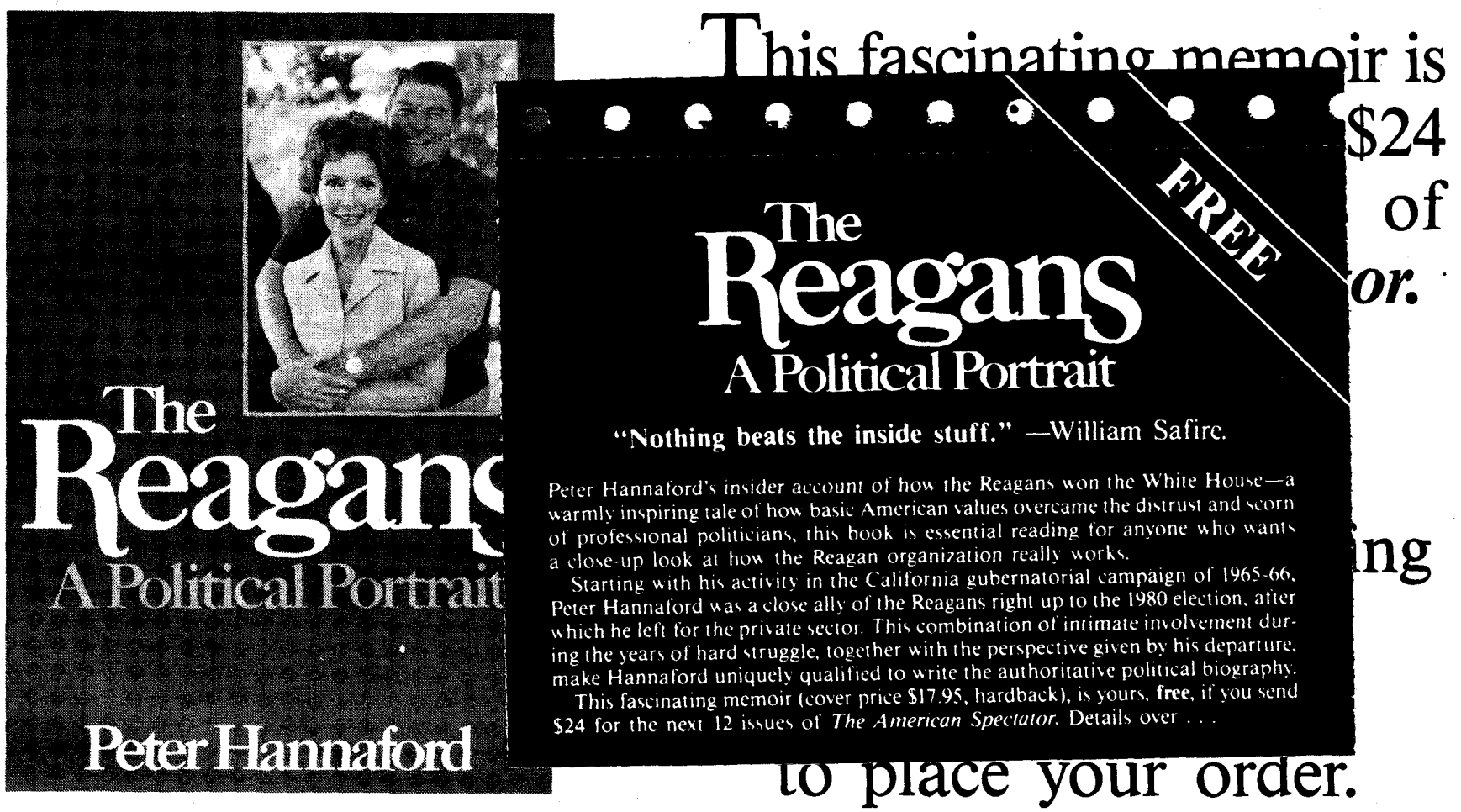
dimension of ancient history. And much of his animus against modern historians of antiquity derives from his conviction that they tend to accept uncritically the orientation of the ancient historians themselves. This applies to traditional and "scientific" historians alike. But it would be wrong to think that Finley's indictment is limited to the economic and social sphere. In the present volume, he devotes a chapter to war and empire, and in his *Politics in the Ancient World* he explores in detail the failure of modern scholarship to develop a realistic picture of political life in the ancient world—notably, its inability to take seriously the phenomenon of class conflict in the ancient republics.

Finley is in no obvious sense a Marxist (he is harshly dismissive of G.E.M. de Ste. Croix's recent Marxist study, *The Class Struggle in the Ancient Greek World*). As he rightly points out at the beginning of *Politics in the Ancient World*, the notion that class struggle was a critical factor in ancient politics is so little a Marxist discovery that it was developed with considerable sophistication by Aristotle. Yet this fact must give pause to those impressed by Finley's indictment of the ancient source material. Are the ancient historians and philosophers really as worthless for understanding the ancient world as Finley wants to make out? That they neglected phenomena we consider important may be granted. It is also true that the ancient historians did not operate with the same standards of evidence as their modern counterparts and that much of the primary information they had to work with was of doubtful reliability at best (few modern historians, for that matter, would contest the point).

But what about their contribution to the framework of historical understanding—to the construction of the "models" that should guide modern researchers? Finley comes close to admitting that Max Weber's analysis of political rule in classical Greece as a form of "charisma" reflects an elementary error that could have been dispelled by an attentive reading of some basic ancient texts. The fact is, however, that Finley himself has never seriously investigated the possibility that authors like Aristotle or Thucydides can offer a more satisfying point of departure for the understanding of large areas of ancient history than abstract sociological models constructed primarily on the basis of modern experience. One is tempted to suggest that Finley remains in thrall to the half-Marxist notion that such authors, as members of an aristocratic elite, engaged in systematic distortion of the sociopolitical realities of their day.

Equally revealing of Finley's particular bias is his discussion of classical historiography relating to war. If there is a single example of the sustained and impressive use of "models" to reconstruct ancient history, it would seem to be the first volume of Hans Delbrück's monumental *Geschichte der Kriegskunst*. Yet all Finley can find to say of this work is that "it is obsessed with the inaccuracy of the numbers in the ancient sources and is otherwise concerned above all with battle tactics and with army discipline." For Delbrück, however, the numbers are critical to a reconstruction of virtually every aspect of ancient warfare. While Finley's complaint about the emphases of the work is justified to some degree, Finley might also have referred to Delbrück's attempt in a separate monograph to elucidate the strategy of Pericles during the Peloponnesian War by comparing it with the strategic model represented by Frederick the Great of Prussia. In any event, Finley's only real suggestion for improving our understanding of the subject is the "model" of booty as a motive for war. It may well be that the economic dimension of ancient warfare has been unduly neglected; but so have other dimensions of at least equal importance. There has been no study of Athenian strategy in the Peloponnesian War since Delbrück's monograph of a century ago.

But to take issue with Finley on points of this sort is to grant that there is much of merit in his criticisms of current historical practice. In its selection of the important questions and its unspoken assumptions about human behavior, scientific history is shot through with the spirit of the times. Tocqueville's remarks on the practice of history in democratic ages are as pertinent today as when they were written a century and a half ago. In this perspective, however, there is not necessarily an irreconcilable divergence between traditional and genuinely scientific history. Tocqueville recommended the study of ancient Greece and Rome to modern democratic man because he thought it counteracted certain of the less salutary tendencies of modern society. The study of classical antiquity is useless if what we unpack there is only our own historical baggage. At the same time, the journey is not worth making if it is undertaken in the spirit of the tourist in search of exotic natives. The study of classical antiquity remains important for reasons beyond the ken of scientific history—because it tells the story of the birth of civilization and political freedom in a world permanently threatened by the shadow of barbarism. □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THE LIBERATION OF ONE

Romuald Spasowski/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/$24.95

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

Never underestimate the power of the *New York Times*. A negative review by onetime *Times* Warsaw correspondent John Darnton in the paper's Sunday book section last March 30 has all but jerked the rug out from under this once-promising book, written by what the publishers call "the highest-ranking Communist official ever to defect to the West."

The most damning information in Darnton's review concerned Spasowski's pulling a Waldheim about the anti-Semitic purges in Poland in 1968. Spasowski confesses to much wrongdoing in this lengthy memoir, but the events of 1968 are all but side-stepped. The most he admits of his own role is that he helped oust a deputy foreign minister, but he neglects to mention that this official happened to be Jewish. Incredibly, Spasowski maintains that when he denounced this fellow as "always [having] been guided by foreign interests," he really meant the USSR.

It also appears that Spasowski is being coy about ties he might have had with Mieczyslaw Moczar, the notorious security chief who instigated the 1968 anti-Semitic campaign. In fact, Spasowski doesn't even bring up Moczar's name until discussion of events nearly three years later. The "liberation of one," in this case, still has a ways to go.

Romuald Spasowski is of course the former Polish ambassador to the U.S. whose defection in the wake of Jaruzelski's declaration of martial law in December 1981 gained him immediate respect in this country and added to the outpouring of sympathy for the suppressed Solidarity movement. In this connection, it's curious that Spasowski never mentions another Polish ambassador (to Japan), Idzislaw Rurarz, whose defection at the time also attracted wide attention. Perhaps it's a matter of style. Rurarz, who now lives in Washington, has remained highly visible, contributing in a variety of public forums to what there is in the West of an anti-Jaruzelski campaign. So far as I can tell, he has never looked back, letting his actions speak for themselves.

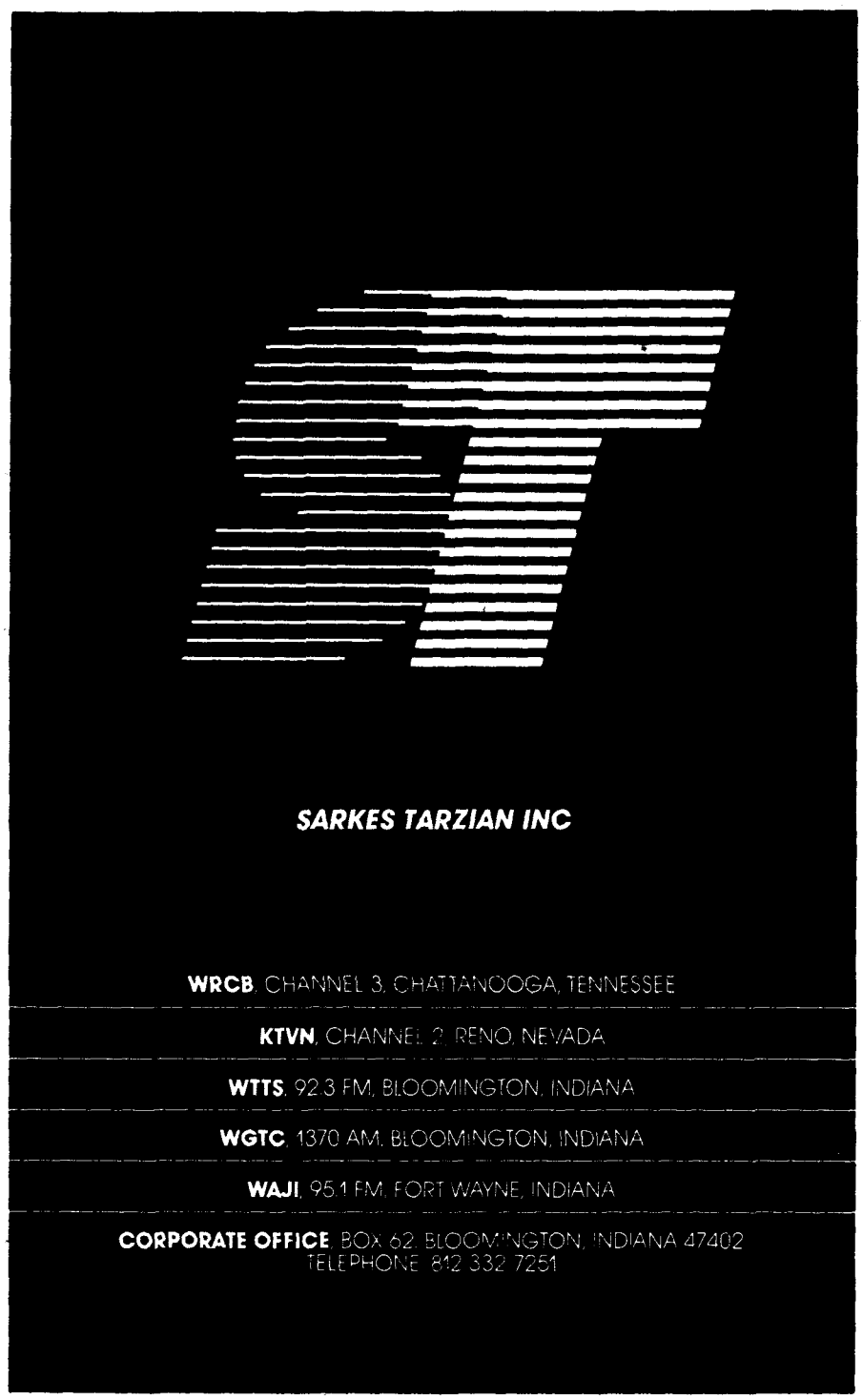
Spasowski, by contrast, disappeared from public view within days of his defection and spent the next three years preparing this most predictable of tales: a Communist true believer's loss of faith. And so we learn that Spasowski has always acted out of the highest motives; yes, he was blind at times, but so strong was his faith—not to mention his devotion to the memory of his father, a prewar Marxist philosopher whom Spasowski at one point pathetically calls "probably the greatest Polish atheist of the century"—that he could not see the truth. The worst sin he confesses to (one his editors no doubt thought might go over big in this prurient age) is abandoning his wife and children for a time for a younger woman (there is unintentional irony in that this affair began shortly after Spasowski had a heart to heart meeting with John Kennedy). But even here Spasowski winds up placing the real blame for his infidelity on the woman herself, who, as a colleague warned him, turned out to be pushy and a social climber.

When not engaged in writing testimonials to himself (the favorite method is to cite some anti-Communist's remark to the effect that "though you're a Communist I know you're a good man"), he relies on that other standby: his professions of a deeply felt Polish patriotism and concomitant hatred for what the Germans and Russians (and even Ukrainians) have done to his country since 1939. Spasowski invariably is either amazed or outraged that most Polish Communists turn out to be Kremlin stooges and are treated as such by Moscow.

But there are gaps here as well. He says conscience would not allow him to join the anti-Communist Home Army underground during World War II, but is silent about whether he made any attempt to join the Polish Communist underground so that he could actually do some fighting to liberate his beloved Poland. He is also at a loss to account for his meteoric rise in Communist ranks after 1945 (he was first named ambassador to Washington in 1954 at age 34). The only backer he ever admits to is Adam Rapacki, an early favorite of the disarmament community in the West for his famous "plan" for a nuclear-free Central Europe. Later, Spasowski acknowledges he was liked by Edward Gierek, not that Spasowski had much respect for this weak, deluded party leader. In short, we are to understand that Spasowski was an island of political integrity and personal decency in a sea of Soviet- and secret police-controlled corruption and intrigue. No wonder his favorite diplomatic post was India.

Yet for all its suspect credibility, this remains an intriguing document. It is rich with anecdote (his description of Soviet bloc diplomatic life in Washington is a first of sorts), and when not self-serving Spasowski can be astute, particularly in his discussion of the roots of the current Polish crisis and the illusions of détente. When he returned to Washington in 1974 after an absence of 13 years, for example, he was surprised "how the State Department had changed. Before they had looked down on me, superior because they were free. . . . Dulles had been condescending with me as a representative of an oppressive regime. . . . Now the State Department people seemed almost too friendly, too polite. They agreed too easily." He is also surprised by the West's indifference to a major reason for the Polish crisis. "Where were the extraordinary sums of money that had been loaned to Poland?" he asked in 1980 during a trip to Warsaw. "We met with the same answer everywhere: It had all quietly vanished east. But the West was not saying a word! The West was not raising a hue and cry! I could not fathom why." How unfortunate that the author's sins will prevent the legitimate points he raises from getting a wider hearing. □

ladyslaw Pleszczynski is managing itor of The American Spectator.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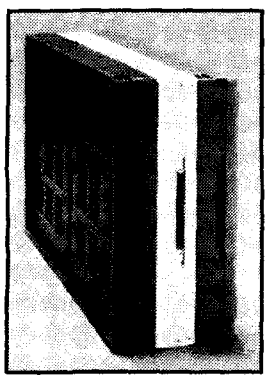

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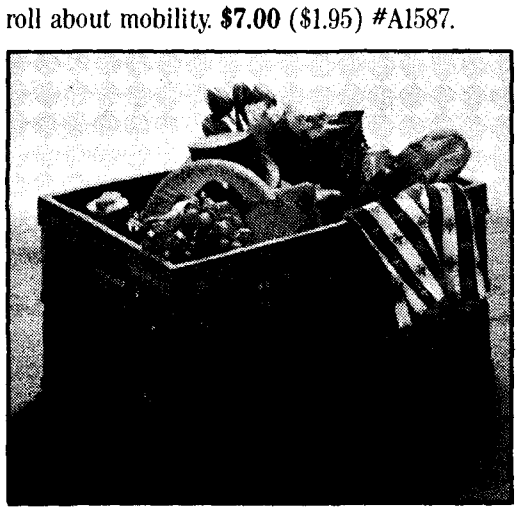

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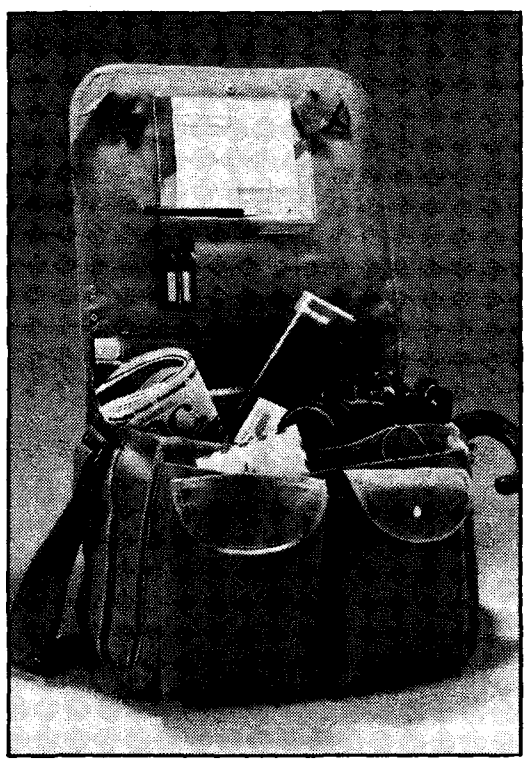

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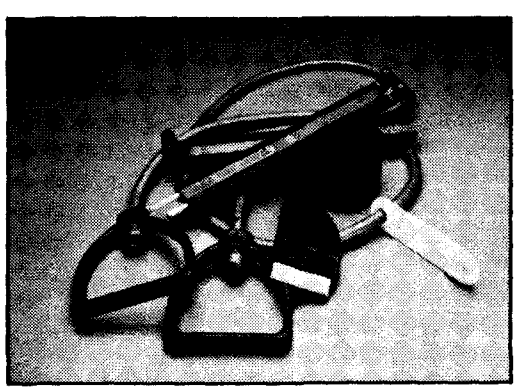

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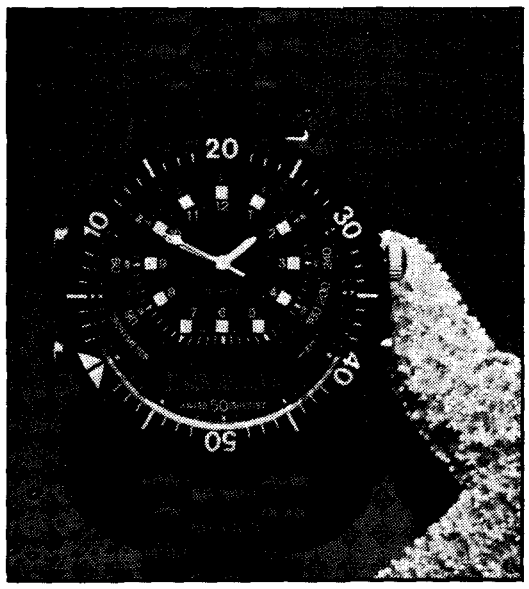

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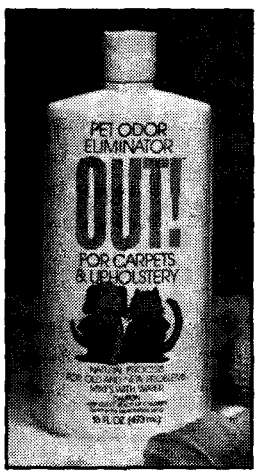

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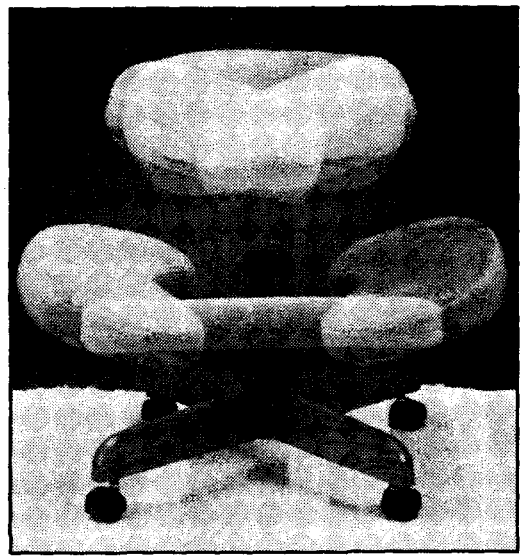

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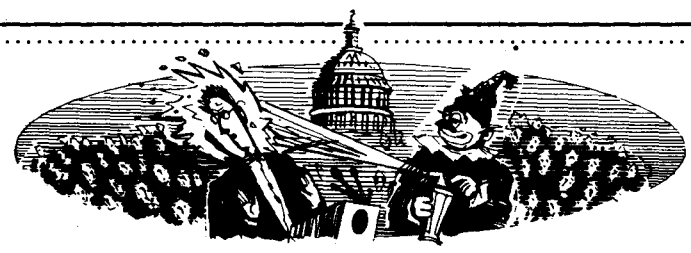
THE CHICAGO SPECTATOR



It was A. J. Liebling who famously called Chicago the Second City. Since then the town's inferiority complex, which Liebling himself never tired of aggravating, has been much noted and commented upon. But each time I visit this marvelous city I wonder whether Chicagoans themselves aren't asking for it. Their efforts to live the nickname down are obsessive, not to say question-begging. Twirling the radio dial one afternoon, I happened to hear a disc jockey interview the owner of a local blues club. They were supposed to be plugging an upcoming blues festival, but that was just a dodge:

Interviewer: How many blues clubs do we have in Chicago these days, Mike?
Mike: Thirty to forty, Ray.
Ray: Wow. Would you say that's more than any other city?
Mike: Oh, far more than any other city in the *world*.
Ray: Well, how is it that we can support so many clubs, Mike? Is it because Chicago has the best blues musicians in the country, or what?
Mike: That's exactly it, Ray. If you're not a first class bluesman, you don't play in Chicago. It's as simple as that. Chicago blues fans are too sophisticated. That's one of the reasons we're having this festival, which happens to be the largest free outdoor summertime blues festival in the world.
Ray: Well, Chicago is rapidly becoming the world's capital of free summer music festivals, isn't it?
Mike: Yes, Ray, as a matter of fact it is.

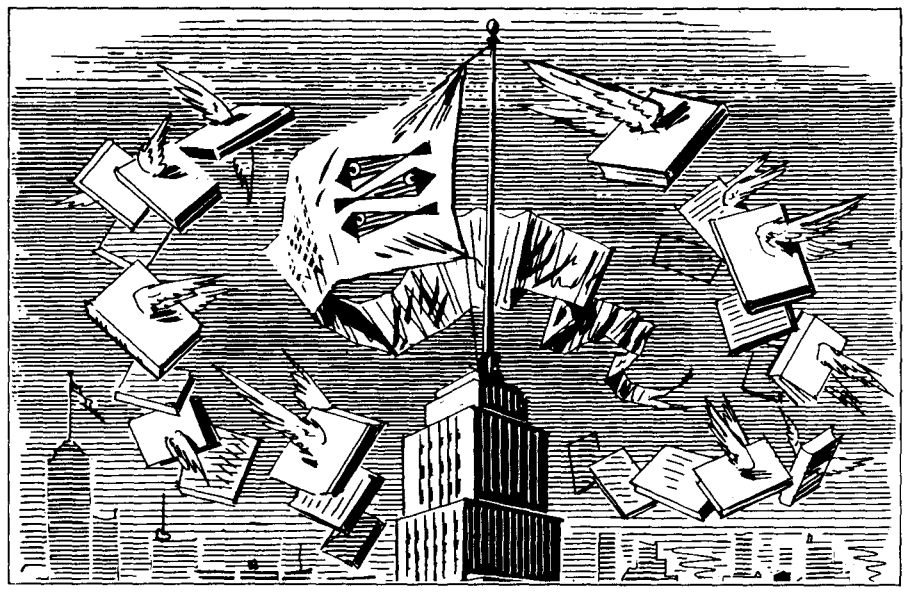
You're never sure, in Chicago, when the mask of the friendly, helpful native is going to fall away, exposing the fierce, hyperactive booster lurking beneath it. Another afternoon I was interviewing a city employee about politics when she suddenly broke her line of thought. "Did you know," she said, "that Chicago has the world's largest water purification plant?" I stopped writing and shook my head. "We also maintain the largest publicly owned and operated system of movable bridges in the world." "Didn't know that," I said. "In the *world*," she repeated, pointing to my notepad. Got it.

• • •

At one time the *Chicago Tribune* shared in this desperate but utterly charming self-aggrandizement by displaying, on the front page just beneath the banner, its motto in boldface type: "The World's Greatest Newspaper." Next to it was a color facsimile of the American flag, grandly rippling in a patriotic breeze. The motto was the contrivance—and doubtless the dearly held opinion—of the paper's publisher, Colonel Robert McCormick, who ran the *Trib* for almost forty years before his death in 1955. The Colonel was a Chicago character on the grand scale: an eccentric millionaire, an autocratic anti-Communist, a megalomaniacal boss, and a jingoist of the very highest order. (In the last parlous years before the Second World War, the Colonel insisted on renting office space in the Tribune Building to suspicious foreign businessmen—to the Colonel most foreigners were suspicious—so that as a public service he could personally insure that their offices were bugged. He forwarded any juicy information to the FBI, at his own expense. There's no evidence that the wiretaps ever bore fruit, but that was of little concern to the Colonel; he defined duty in his own way.) With his death the paper declined considerably; it is now in corporate hands, and its editorial voice has been ceded, by default, to the usual herd of "independent-minded" reporters and copy editors. As a consequence it wins Pulitzers yearly, and is almost unreadable. The week before I came to town, the paper ran a lengthy series on Cuba by one of its most ruthlessly independent-minded foreign correspondents, R. C. Longworth, that culminated in the Sunday editions with a 2500-word valentine to Fidel: "part revolutionary, part statesman, part president, part teacher, part conscience." And get a load of those literacy rates! The poor Colonel must have been doing somersaults in his grave. These days the motto is gone from beneath the banner, as it surely should be, but the flag remains in the corner of the front page, albeit in a modern, highly stylized version: stiff (the breeze no longer blows), small (to make room for the color photos), and wildly out of place.

• • •

If you tire of the left-wing rhetoric of the *Tribune*, you can always turn to the left-wing rhetoric of the *Chicago Defender*, the city's widely-circulated black newspaper. Once a week Dr. Conrad Worrill holds forth on the *Defender*'s op-ed page, in a column called "Worrill's World." The world of Dr. Worrill is a fearsome, tenebrous place. He identifies himself as "national chairperson of the National Black United Front," which seeks to unite Chicago blacks "into one gigantic thrust that will further advance the liberation of Black people." That liberation, Dr. Worrill believes, is some ways off: "The Black masses are being brutalized, oppressed, and killed mentally and physically everyday in America," although presumably the farther away you get from Chicago the better your chances are. It is impossible, of course, to talk about Chicago these days and not talk about race. Racism here runs in all directions, and with race relations as with everything else hyperbole wins the day. In the gallery of the City Council chambers one Friday morning, waiting for the weekly session to begin, I struck up a conversation with a voluble black man named Clarence, who told me he was an unemployed cabbie. He was having trouble raising the cash to buy a taxi medallion, he said, but despite his own financial straits he was a bit more sanguine about the city than Dr. Worrill is about his world. "Anybody who doesn't think that the quality of life has improved under Mayor Washington is either a fool or is living in primitive times," Clarence said. "Used to be, if you didn't have an s-k-i on the end of your name it didn't matter how good your résumé was, you weren't going to get a job with the city, where you could just sit on your ass all day and collect your paycheck. Not that I'd like to sit on my ass all day. I'm a working man. But these guys had things fixed, see, and *they* sure didn't want to work. You know how they're always saying that Chicago's got more Irish than they got in Dublin, and more Polacks than they got in Prague, or wherever? That just means there's more fools here than they got in Dublin or Prague. Those fools've been running the city too long. Now when a black man sees old Harold up there making the Eddies [Burke and Vrdolyak, the Mayor's main enemies in the council] get up on their hind legs and beg, that makes a black man feel proud."



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A goodly portion of Chicago's racial hostility is understandable, the remainder arguably less so. Discovering the point where a petition for change turns into a demand for privilege is the business of politics, but politics in Chicago—the most ludicrous in the *world*—aren't well suited to prudential exercises. The City Council meeting I attended started an hour late, and I asked a cop what was going on. He told me the "two sides"—the Mayor's aldermen and Vrdolyak's aldermen—were caucusing. "Couldn't they caucus

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before the meeting?" I asked. "Well see," the cop said, "they did—they are. But Eddie won't bring his people out until the Mayor brings out his people. And the Mayor, he isn't coming out unless Eddie's there first." When the meeting finally began—after both sides crept out timidly and then scrambled to their seats as though the music had just stopped in a game of musical chairs—I wondered why they bothered to show up at all. After one of Vrdolyak's verbal assaults on the Mayor ("This is like Moscow! And you're Gorbachev!") one Washington alderman, a handsomely dressed woman, turned to the alderman next to her and said in a loud voice, "Why don't you go punch him out? Maybe you can shut him up." The crowd, too, was partisan in the Chicago manner. Alderman Ohrbach, who represents a largely Jewish ward, introduced a routine resolution condemning the recent election of Kurt Waldheim to the Austrian presidency. "In the name of the six million," Ohrbach said. He was greeted with a dozen hisses from the gallery. "Damn," said Clarence, next to me. "Russia lost twenty million in that war. And they keep whining about their six million. You don't hear the Russians whine like that."

• • •

Washington, standing erect and barrel-chested on the Mayor's podium, presided over all this rancor with informal élan and great good humor. From a distance, at least, he is an impressive man. The standard line of Chicago insiders is that the political fight here is about power, not race: Washington is a reformer, who happens to be black, wresting power—that is, jobs and city contracts and the allocation of federal succor (still a healthy sum)—from the entrenched old guard, who happen to be white and who feel, in the words of the late Alderman-statesman Paddy Bauler, that "Chicago ain't ready for reform yet." There's some truth in that, but the tone of unaccustomed (for Chicago, anyway) reasonableness in the explanation should make you wary. Mayor Daley himself, after all, was elected as a "reform candidate," promising to streamline city government and restore efficiency after the chaotic administration of Martin Kennelly. "If I am elected," Daley told skeptical reporters, "I will embrace mercy, love, charity, and walk humbly with my God." Mayor Washington's spiel carries the same overtones of piety, but with a 1980s spin. What's reform? In Washington's lexicon, it doesn't mean so much restoring efficiency as giving blacks a fair shake, which further means, among other things, a program of affirmative action that awards 40 percent of city contracts to blacks, who (incidentally) are also Washington loyalists. Everyone seems to agree that Washington himself is personally honest. But, one pro-Washington journalist told me, "his main concern is assembling power around himself, just as Daley did." Questions, too, have been raised about many of his allies, especially one close adviser who turned out to have been—well, a pimp. And the U.S. Attorney has announced that several Washington aldermen are under investigation for allegedly accepting payments from a government "mole" in return for political favors—a time-honored Chicago practice, of course, with the new twist that some have already admitted to accepting the cash. One has even said that after taking the money, he donated it all to charity. (He's still looking for the receipts.) Mayor Daley would have been proud.

• • •

The pending "mole" investigation, the city's worsening economy, and the Mayor's infatuation with new taxes will all enter into the next primary election, set for February of next year. These issues grate particularly on the "lakefront liberals," the largely white, upper-class voters who provided Washington with the margin of victory in 1983. Former Mayor Jane Byrne, fresh from her television commercial debut in which she warbled a pathetic rendition of the *USA Today* theme song, has already announced she'll challenge Washington, and several other white Democrats are dying for a shot at him as well. Polls indicate that in a three-way primary (with two whites running against him) Washington would win in a walk. A one-on-one contest is too close to call. Thus Republicans, anticipating Washington's victory in the primary, are unlimbering several possible candidates, any one of whom could give the Mayor trouble. This is in itself news. It was only twenty years ago that Mayor Daley, following a race riot in his own neighborhood of Bridgeport, was asked who he thought the troublemakers were. He replied without a moment's hesitation: "They're Communists—backed by Republican money." Or, as an alderman told me in an unwonted understatement, "Chicago is what you would call a very Democratic town." For many Chicagoans, the idea that a Republican blueblood might actually occupy that hallowed fifth-floor office in City Hall, where a Democrat has pulled strings and twisted arms since the days of the martyred Anton Cermak, is deeply subversive—an event to shake the very foundations of the Sears Tower itself. Which (need I tell you?) is the tallest building in the world.

—GJN

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gap not only between his experiences and those of the girl but also between his fantasies (of a "permanent" relationship) and reality (the neurotic, rootless lives of his friends and himself). That this shot is a blatant steal from the last shot in Chaplin's *City Lights* (with a different emotional content) is beside the point. It is exactly right. Allen does know how to end movies (the ending to *Annie Hall*, with the camera looking at a New York street as Allen's voice-over is heard, is almost as good).

Mr. Johnston also says that Allen, confronted by a serious question such as the "Tolstoyan search for the meaning of life," resorts to "the nearest one-liner." This is true but it is beside the point. The one-liner is Allen's medium. The trouble with the religious quest of the character Allen plays in *Hannah and Her Sisters* isn't that Allen tried to deal with it on the level of one-liners but that the one-liners were not funny and (as Mr. Johnston pointed out) aimed at trivial religious targets.

I too believe Evelyn Waugh handled the same subject more profoundly in *Brideshead Revisited*—but then again, Waugh handled almost *every* aspect of his art better than anyone. Mr. Allen isn't Waugh—but who is? The Woody Allen one-liner, used to explain (or deplore) those anxiety ridden denizens of the Upper West Side, is—or can be—an illuminating device which, while it may not enable us to look into their hearts and souls, at least exposes their pretensions and their follies. In fact, that is the point: Allen's characters (in his "New York" movies) don't *have* hearts and souls—only mannerisms, verbal tics, and received ideas. All they *are* is surface.

Yes, it is true: Woody Allen is neither Tolstoy nor Waugh—but he is a serious and funny craftsman. His problem these days seems to be that he believes that when he is most funny he is least serious, which is exactly the opposite of the truth.

—William F. Gavin
McLean, Virginia

George Sim Johnston replies:
I didn't say that the scene in which a supine Allen dribbles into his tape recorder is the final one of *Manhattan*; but this penultimate scene is certainly part of the film's conclusion. I am afraid that I did not find the same emotional resonance in Allen's making goo-goo eyes with Miss Hemingway; however, I would like to thank Mr. Gavin for pointing out that the scene was stolen from *City Lights*. Allen seems to be in competition with Brian De Palma and Steven Spielberg to see who can skim the most frames from the work of their predecessors.

That the one-liner is Allen's medium was one of the points of my review, and I admire the films, like *Bananas* and *Sleeper*, in which he sticks to them. But I repeat my assertion that there are *two* Woody Allens, that beside the superb gag writer there is this very intense student of Kierkegaard and Tolstoy who would like to drop the jokes and produce a serious work on the order of *Scenes from a Marriage*. We get the Other Allen unadulterated in *Interiors*, which everyone agrees is awful. If he had excised the gags from *Hannah*, he would have produced another Bergmanesque dud, albeit a less mannered one. Yes, the gags by themselves do tell us something about the collection of neurotics Allen is writing about; but it is not true that a writer can only approach superficial characters by such superficial means, as Mr. Gavin implies. Read *The Death of Ivan Ilych*. And, no, I am not trying to write off Allen by comparing him to Tolstoy; Allen does that job himself. □

A Question Of Honor

There once lived a king in a distant land—a just and wise old king, who had observed and learned much about himself, his people and his power. His people were free to go their own way, and his rule granted no privilege to one that was not a privilege to all equally. They also were free to petition their king and seek his wisdom in their affairs.

Thus there came one day to the royal court an artisan, a mason, and a beggar who was lame. "O great and wise king," they cried, "we are sorely troubled with our plight."

"I," said the artisan, "make many useful goods. I use great skill and labor long, and yet when I am finished, the people will not pay my price."

"And I," said the mason, "am a layer of stone for houses and fine walls, yet I am idle, for no one gives me work."

"I am a poor lame beggar," said the third man, "who seeks alms from those who pass, as they find it in their hearts to do so, but alms are so few I fear I shall soon perish."

"I can see that your trouble is great," consoled the king, "and what would you ask of me?"

Then, they spoke as a group, the artisan, the mason, and the beggar who was lame: "Your power is very great, our king, and you can make the people see the folly of their ways and aid us in our troubles."

"Perhaps," said the king, "perhaps my power is great, but I must use it wisely or it shall be lost." And he called the captain of his guard.

"Bring forth three swords," he commanded, "one for each of these men, and instruct them in their use. These three shall go forth in the land and compel those who will not voluntarily deal with them to obey their command."

"No! no!" the three men called out, "this we did not ask. We are men of honor and could not set upon our fellow man to compel him to our will. This we cannot do. It is you, O king, who must use the power."

"You ask me to do that which you would not do because of honor?" questioned the king. "Is honor one thing to a beggar and another to a king? I, too, am an honorable man, and that which is dishonorable for you will never be less dishonorable for your king."

From *Rotograph*, March 16, 1962 (Fort Worth, Texas, Rotary Club).

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How I wonder what you are.
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Like a diamond in the sky.

If the sky stays pure and clean,
We will see your twinkle bright.
But smoke, exhaust, and acid rain
All will cloud your flickering light.

Twinkle twinkle little star,
I'd like to keep you as you are.

•

There was an old couple who lived in a shoe,
They had so many children they didn't know what to do.
So they gave them some broth and some good whole wheat bread,
And kissed them all sweetly and sent them to bed.
There's only one issue I don't understand.
If they didn't want so many why didn't they plan?

[From Nursery Rhymes: The Equal Rhymes Amendment, *by Father Gander. Advocacy Press, Santa Barbara, California, $12.95.]*

Nation

More arcanum from the *Nation*, that noctilucous jewel in the rational night, an otherwise depressingly rational night:

Interestingly, after the attack on Tripoli, Qaddafi predicted that the anticipated wave of terrorist attacks in Western Europe would be the work of the C.I.A. or the F.B.I. Because this sort of conspiratorial, and provocative, behavior is not unknown in the recent history of intelligence cadres in the Western states, Qaddafi had a point—but one that he may never have intended. He helped confuse the boundaries between the good guys and the bad guys and reinforced the suspicion most people have that Western governments do engage in "illegitimate" acts of violence. Perhaps he was inadvertently saying that although some Arabs may be terrorists they are overshadowed by the states of terror that control the planet. And in this, unfortunately, there is a nuclear truth.

[June 7, 1986]

Mother Jones

Demon racism sniffed out once again by the well-tuned snout of Christabel Hitchens:

A neoconservative, wrote Irving Kristol, is a "liberal who has been mugged by reality." Here, with its faintly racist undertone, is the essence of the neocon mentality.

[July/August 1986]

New York Times

The conditioned reflex of sportswriter Ira Berkow as the *Marche Funèbre* of Ludwig's Third Symphony rumbles in his ears and the drug investigation continues:

Len Bias was born Nov. 18, 1963, four days before John Fitzgerald Kennedy was shot to death at age 46. On Thursday morning, Bias died suddenly at age 22, with no clues or alarms or history of any physical problems.

Hearing of the death of Bias—he was gloriously in the headlines just the day before as the Celtics' first pick in the National Basketball Association draft, and the second selection over all—was as shocking in its way as hearing of the murder of President Kennedy as he rode in a motorcade while thousands cheered him.

This in no way is meant to compare the global impact of a world leader with that of a basketball player. But Bias, like President Kennedy, was youthful and vigorous and talented and charismatic.

Each was glowing in the national spotlight. Each had attained great heights in his respective world, each envisioned reaching even greater heights.

The first news reports said that doctors had not yet determined the cause of Bias's death. Was it, some wondered, a congenital malfunction, like Marfan syndrome? Later, there were unconfirmed reports of cocaine use. . . .

[June 21, 1986]

Los Angeles Times Magazine

The lugubrious confessions of movie star Martin Sheen, coughed up after prolonged cross-examination on the subject of hoboes:

Q: Do you ever say, Why does this exist in this place, in this surrounding, in this country?
A: Yeah, it exists because . . .
Q: Somebody didn't care?
A: A lot of reasons. Yeah, basically, because we stopped being human. Somewhere along the line, we got so involved with trying to be something that we thought was important, that we thought was a dream, the American dream so-called, and that it was important for us to dream that dream together. That's part of the reason, but basically it's just our insulation from ourselves as well—psychologically, emotionally, spiritually. We're isolated from ourselves.
Q: And so in America, those that could make the difference refuse to look, refuse to be affected?
A: *Can't* look. Can't look because as soon as you look, you recognize you must respond, and in order to respond it means you must give up some of what you have—and to give that up is terrifying. It's frightening. It scares the hell out of you. It scares the hell out of me. I don't have the guts to do it. I don't have the guts to go to prison—where I belong.

[April 27, 1986]

San Francisco Chronicle

Cultural notes from a modern Henry James—Jon Carroll, chauffeur of immensities:

I, for instance, have a hug buddy (I'm not sure why I hug some of my male friends but not others, but I do know that once you've entered into a hug-on-meeting relationship, there's no turning back; I would take it as a sign of incipient loathing if one of my usual hugees offered his hand to me instead) who is perhaps six inches taller than I.

I am not used to hugging very tall people. I have to stand on tiptoe to make sure my chin surmounts his shoulder in the approved manner. Since he is also a bear hugger, I have had occasionally to stand on my toes until my calves cramped up.

Then I've had to stifle my boyish cries of agony while muttering "How's it goin', guy" through clenched teeth.

Anyway, this tall friend has for some time worn a small gold earring. Nothing fancy; just a little hemisphere the size of an ant shish-kabobing his left lobe.

Lately, however, he has taken to wearing a more dangling ornament. Every time we hug, this appendage rakes my cheek or pokes me in the eye. In an effort to avoid instant blindness, I have had to bury my face in his shoulder, leading onlookers to believe that I have been overcome by grief.

We've come a long way, baby, but we ain't there yet. Maybe we should go back to shaking hands until some international safety standards are formulated.

[April 25, 1986]

Rodale's Organic Gardening

An arcane missive interred in the pages of an authentic organ of the Carter underground:

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[June 1986]

San Francisco Chronicle

The quality of religious experience open to all the faithful of the New Age:

She spoke softly to the audience between songs, remembering her husband, telling stories and giving off a sweet, sensitive aura that belied all the nasty things that have been written and said about her. She told of absentmindedly taking out two cups for a late-night brew frequently after her husband's death and recollected something Lennon once told her.

"When are they going to learn," she said Lennon would say, "JohnandYoko is one word." She said one recent late night trip to the kitchen found her taking only one cup off the shelf. "I realized," she said, "we are one."

Indeed they are. The ghostly presence of the late Beatle hovered above the stage throughout, like a guardian angel, safely shepherding Ono through the performance of her unorthodox but revelatory music. The audience treated her with utter reverence, piercing the silence with continual screams of "We love you, Yoko." She answered, "I love you." And meant it.

[May 17, 1986]

In These Times

Learned poesy on our contemporary condition from rock metaphysician Steve Perry:

Politically, wrestling works neatly as metaphoric amplification and ideological justification of the present administration. Cowboy metaphors can only take you so far in explaining Reagan-think, but wrestling comes close to encapsulating his entire worldview. From wrestling to Rambo, you don't have to look far to see the depths of our current obsession with the body-as-weapon; the wrestler's hulking physique may indeed be the best paradigm for contemporary America.

[May 14-20, 1986]

Village Voice

The thrilling life of Carol Caton as reported by Norman Atkins on the Dartmouth front:

Carol Caton, from Washington, D.C., a sophomore. Her furry little dog with a blue bandana is named Manny, after Winnie Mandela. White, she attended an ethnically diverse public high school. "It was culture shock to come here and find all these rich white people." Steam coming out of her ears, she says: "While I am going to school in this *rich, snotty, white* community, there are hundreds of black people who are dying. That's why I withdrew from this college. I said, Look, I can't deal with this anymore. I'm going to fight for divestment and I'm not taking classes. I just can't benefit from the fact that people are dying. I can't do it."

[June 3, 1986]

New York

Asked to comment on our refurbished Statue of Liberty, frumpy Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., bawls and bawls:

Is our contemporary America still a beacon of hope to suffering humanity? Once we tried to persuade foreign nations by our example. We tried, by living up to our own ideals at home, to create a society whose virtue would attract and convert others. Now we try to persuade foreign nations by nuclear missiles and aircraft carriers and by the arrogant insistence that we know their interests better than they do. America today holds out not a torch but a blowtorch to the world. Humanity's friend has undergone a horrid sea change into humanity's bully.

[May 12, 1986]

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Guests of the Kremlin, (Macmillian, 1949). Robert G. Emmens, 173 Littrell Dr., Medford, OR 97504.
Tales for a Rainy Night, edited by David Alexander. **Tales of Unease**, edited by John Burke. Rinehart Potts, 1223 Glen Terrace, Glassboro, N.J. 08028.
Patton Papers, Volume III by Blumenson (Houghton-Mifflin). Ted Humes, 2602 N. 20th Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009.
Abraham Lincoln, A History, by Nicolai and Hay. H. Schechter, 141 Galen St., Watertown, MA 02172.

MISCELLANEOUS

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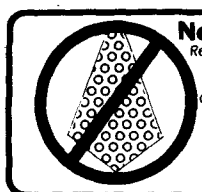

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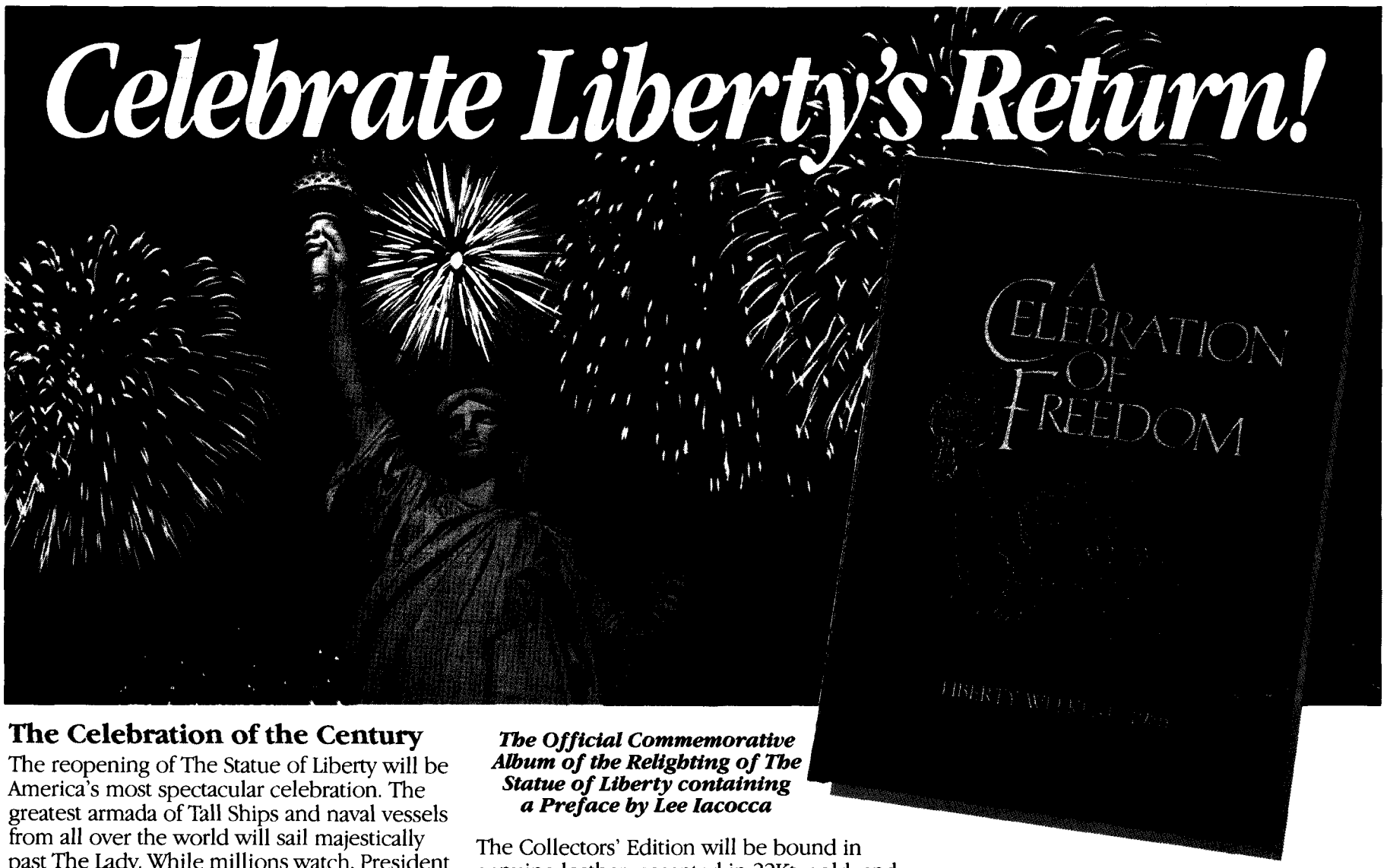

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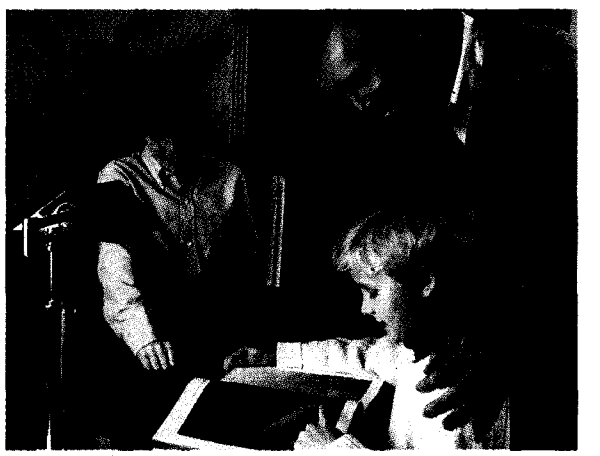

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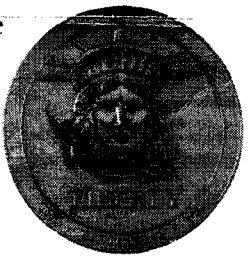

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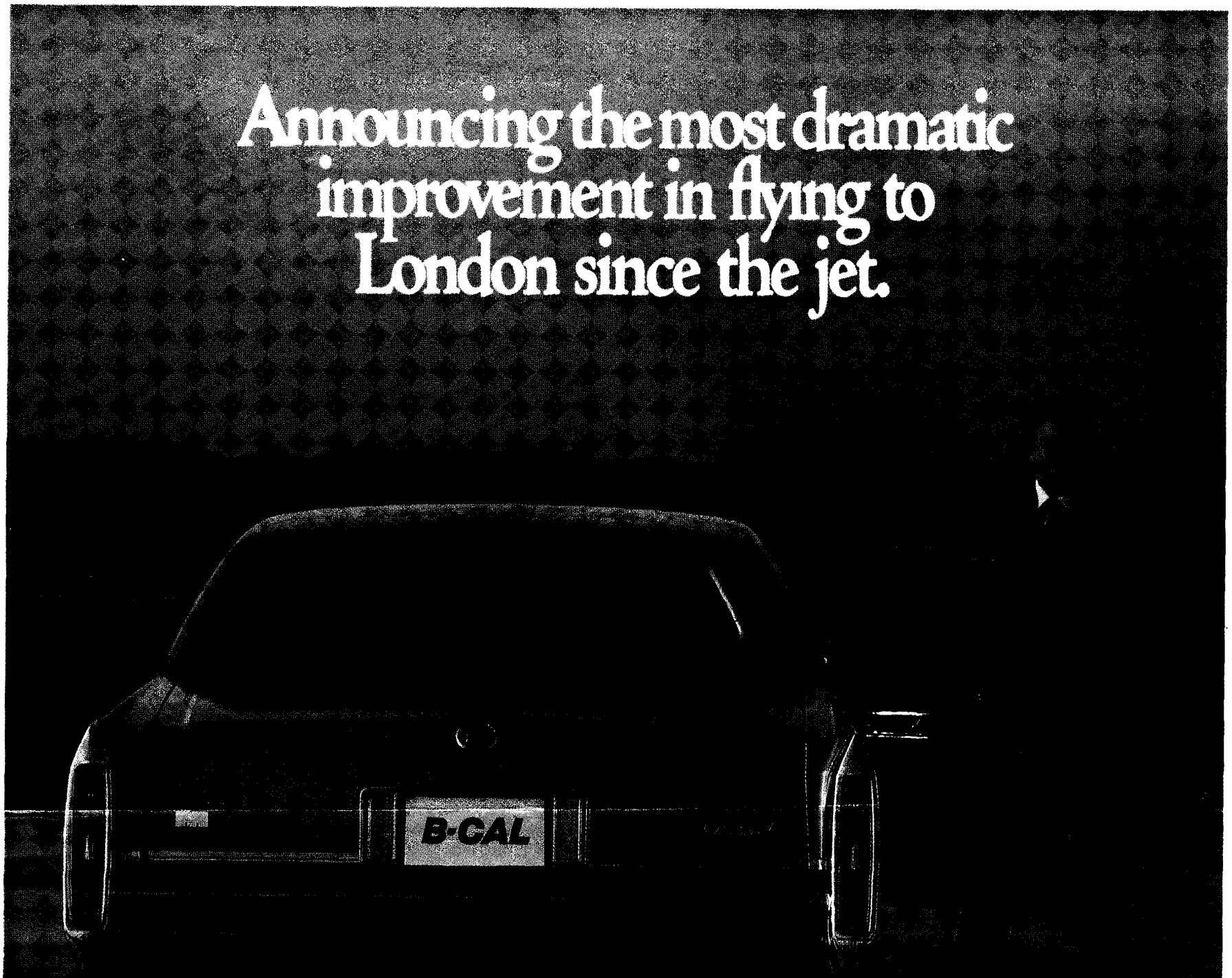

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